

SELECT ⁴³
P S A L M S
O F
D A V I D



Translated Anew into

English METER.

Fitted to all the Old Tunes.

By JOSHUA SQUIRE.

Heb. 13. 15. *By him let us offer the Sacrifice of Praise to God continually, that is the fruit of our Lips, giving thanks to his Name.*

Cant. 5. 13. — His Lips like Lillies dropping sweet smelling Myrrh.

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~~Ps. Verse~~

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Mr. <i>Joseph Masters</i>	Mr. <i>Thomas Kerby</i>
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ELDER S of several Congregations in and
about L O N D O N :

AS the Letters, however differing in Figure and Sound, all conduce to the Beauty as well as Means of Discourse; as Harmony it self is promoted as well by the harshest Discords as the sweetest Concords, so for the Variety of Conversation in the Concourse of Mankind, 'tis necessary that it consist of Persons differing in Opinions as well as Complexions: By this Diversity, in the World we find the Business of this Life carry'd on by Persons in their various Employes; we find it early Profitable in the great Concern of a Future and Immortal Life, in the Case of *Barnabas* and *Paul*, for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the dispersing of the Rays of Light, and Seeds of Happiness in Countries far divided; This Diversity

The Dedication.

ought however to be such as may not be too sonorous, and drown the softer Harmony :

Thus do I behold you all Zealous Promoters of the Interest of Religion, Faithful Practicers of its Precepts, various in Judgment, yet agreeing all in that great Concord, *Faith in JESUS CHRIST*: The Fundamental Doctrines of Religion, you all Studiously lay and Profess; though you may differ in the Explication of some of the Collateral Ornaments ; This ought not to break that Cement of Fraternal Amity which it becomes all the Followers of *CHRIST* to learn of Him :

Your Aims are all the same, to reduce the stubborn and perswade the unbelieving Sinner, to encourage and inform the tender Convert, to comfort the Mourning, to confirm the Doubting, to strengthen the Weak, and inflame the Thriving Saint ; to reduce Backsliders, and assist the Tempted ; to attend the Work in all, till they are brought from the miserable State of Sin, to the full Assurance and final Enjoyment of everlasting Happiness :

The Love of Poetry is connatural to a great Genius, neither did ever any yet, well adorn the Pulpit, but who delighted in it : For surely nothing meerly natural does more highten and enliven the Fancy, or give a greater Boldness and Liberty of Speech ; 'tis the Improvement

The Dedication.

ment and Excellency of Nature and ought therefore to be Consecrated to things Divine, as GOD has challeng'd the first Fruits and best Powers of the Soul :

The Psalms as they were at first written by Persons inspir'd by the Holy Spirit, excell in every Respect all the Translations that ever can be made of them ; yet are we not to be discourag'd ; for as our Ignorance of the Original sufficiently excuses the Translation into our Tongue, the Nature of the Thing requires, that in Order to be Sung they ought to be put into measur'd Verse :

This has often and in diverse manners with different Success been attempted, but of all, they seem certainly to have designed best, who between a too strict and literal Translation, which cramps the Sence as well as Verse, and is too fullen and heavy an Air for Poetry to put on ; and the libertine Levity of a distant Imitation, which is a supplying rather of what we our selves judge proper in the Room of what was before better intended ; between these, have kept the Author still in View, and in changing the Words preserv'd the Sence : 'tis possible ev'n thus to be poetical and yet just ; the Psalms themselves furnish us with infinite Elegancies.

The Sacrifice of Praise is that in which you
all

The Dedication.

all agree, though you may offer it differently ;
I put this into your Hands to use either Way ;
whether you give it Life by the Modulation
of the Voice, or calmly peruse it with the
Temper in which the Thoughts were at first
indited ; Let it serve your selves or others,
in that Vacancy when neither You nor They
are employ'd in the dispensing and receiving
the more profitable Showers of the Word ;
when the harmony of Numbers, may supply
the more powerful Effect of a living Voice ;
and be acceptable to such Christians, who de-
light in the Praises of GOD, and think these
may be of any use to refresh their languishing
Souls, or revive their Graces, to console them-
selves in the pious Mourning of an humble Pe-
nitent, or rejoyce with the inflam'd Desires
and exalted Raptures of the lively Saint ; to
admire the Works of Providence or Proclaim
its Goodness :

And thus may you suffer me to have a Place
in the Sanctuary though it be

At

A

Distance.

Josbua Squire.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

HAVING compos'd the greatest Part of the following Collections some Years since, and not finding the same Opportunity to go through with them, I resolv'd to publish them as they were, perhaps some other may not think his Time ill spent to finish what remains; and I do not find, after a very deliberate Review, that he can be discourag'd from what has been already Published: I have read about Twenty Sorts, and find unanswerable exceptions against most: All before Mr. Sandys, are extremely mean, unpoetical, unmusical, and it would provoke a Smile, to read some of their Apologies for their Undertaking, from the roughness of the Old, which however, allowing for the change of Language, are far before theirs:

Since Mr. Sandys there have also several new ones been Publish'd, but scarce one but what either sink below the Dignity of Verse, or else having allow'd themselves too great a Liberty, have too much vary'd from the Text; such things may be good Paraphrases, but are bad Translations; if we call them by the Name of David, let the Thought at least be his; I will not undertake too far for the Performance of this, but I can for my Design, and as I have endeavour'd always to keep my Original in sight, I have not depriv'd my self of a little Space, though my Flight should be easy and always in
View

The Preface.

View : Some Psalms have such an exuberance of Fancy, or in themselves are so sublime and lofty, as would provoke one to strain, to come up if possible to the Noble Conceptions of the Original Author :

If I have been any where streightned it has been in some of the Versions where I have (too strictly) confin'd my self to the measures of the Old, and as I think there is not any of the Tunes in that, but what I have fitted one or more in this to, so I have added another Weight, in the performance of the 119th Psalm, which I cannot but now wonder I have so well supported, where besides the retaining the Alphabetical Proceß after the Hebrew Copy, I have put every one of the Twenty-two Parts in a different Metre ; such Pains always prove ingratel, because they are attended with more Trouble to the Author than Delight to the Reader ; there are several more which are so in the Hebrew, but I have imitated them but once beside, not finding my Skill able to vye with the Inspired Author :

The Measure of the 100th Psalm is certainly the easiest for the Poet, and justest to the Subject ; where he has room to vary his Thought, and yet the matter will return quick, this I should have wish'd to have done them all in, if the many Tunes which have been made to the shorter second Lines, had not obliged me very often to repeat them with shortning the Second and Fourth Lines, that I might not be altogether useles, or lose the Benefit of the Tunes so well known and so Difficult to depart from : However for every ones ease I have added a Table of the Versions of the Tunes.

SE-

SELECT
 PSALMS
 OF
 DAVID
 In METRE.

PSALM I. METRE. I.

- B** Left is the Man who from the Path
 Of Men ungodly turns aside ;
 Nor loves with Sinners to converse,
 Nor with Blasphemers to abide.
- 2 The righteous Precepts of his God,
 Are daily his delightful Care ;
 And ev'ry wakeful Night he will
 With thoughts of these his Heart prepare.
- 3 He like the fruitful Trees shall thrive,
 Which with Increase and Plenty bend ;
 No Disappointment shall deceive,
 Nor ill Success his Hopes attend.
- 4 The Wicked ev'ry Hour shall waste,
 Like Chaff that drives before the Wind ;
- 5 With God no Mercy shall their Hopes,
 Nor with the Righteous Favour find.
- 6 The Lord with great Delight observes,
 And loves to bless the Good Man's Way :
 But Vengeance shall their Crimes pursue,
 Who from the Paths of Vertue stray.

B

II. METRE.

P S A L M I.

II. M E T R E.

- 1 Blest is the Man who in the Path
Of Sinners will not walk,
Nor with th' Unrighteous will delight,
Nor with Blasphemers talk.
- 2 Daily the Precepts of his God
Are his delightful care,
And ev'ry wakeful Night he will
His Heart with these prepare.
- 3 He like the fruitful Trees shall thrive,
That under Plenty bend ;
No Disappointment shall his Hopes,
Nor ill Success, attend.
- 4 The Wicked ev'ry hour shall wast
Like Chaff before the Wind ;
- 5 With God no Favour shall their Hopes,
Nor with the Righteous find.
- 6 The Lord with great Delight observes,
And loves the Good Man's way ;
But Vengeance shall their Crimes pursue,
Who e're from Goodness stray.

III. M E T R E.

- 1 Oh happy Man that shuns the Way, I. 1.
Where Sinners to their Ruin stray,
Nor with their wicked Counsel joyns ;
- 2 The holy Laws, are ev'ry Night
And ev'ry Day his sweet Delight ;
His Care his Pleasure and Designs.
- 3 As Trees their timely Fruit produce,
When nourish'd by the kindly Juice
Some neighb'ring Rivulet bestows :
So shall thy gracious Providence
To him its secret Stores dispence,
And prosper him above his Foes ;
- 4 His wicked Foes, who feel thy Curse,
As stormy Winds the Chaff, disperse,
And make their empty Comforts fly.
- 5 In vain they would thy Favour claim,
Thy Justice shall their Works condemn ;
The Good shall shun their Company.

PSALM II.

3

6 For God beholds with Smiles of Grace,
Guides and directs a good Man's ways,
And with repeated Blessings crowns:
But Sinners that perversly stray,
And wander in their wicked Way,
Shall sink beneath his angry Frowns.

PSALM II.

1 **H**OW vainly do the Heathen rage,
With pains of inward Envy groan!
2 Their Kings against the Lord ingage,
And his Anointed would dethrone.
3 They hate his easy Government,
From off their Hands his Cords they break;
4 But God shall laugh at their Intent,
And baffle the Designs they take.
5 Incens'd by their rebellious Pride,
Their Envy thus the Lord will vex;
6 " My King in *Zion* shall reside;
" His Throne I there will ever fix.
7 Thus spake the Lord and made it Fate;
" My Son thou art begot this day:
8 " Demand thy birthright, ev'ry State,
" The utmost Earth shall thee obey.
9 " Thy pow'rful Scepter shall subdue,
" And crush thy stubborn Enemies;
" As when it feels a forceful Blow,
" The Potters Clay to pieces flies.
10 Ye Kings your truest Intrest know,
Ye Judges learn to be more wise;
11 Before your lawful Sov'reign bow,
With trembling Joy the Honour prize.
12 Before his kindling Wrath's enrag'd,
Go kiss the Son and Homage pay,
With this his Anger is asswag'd,
And blest, and only blest are they.

PSALM III.

1 **H**OW many Lord against me rise!
And how increas'd my Enemies!

B 2

My

4 P S A L M III.

- 2 My constant Faith they treat with Scorn,
And think me too of God forlorn.
 - 3 Thou wilt, tho' left by ev'ry Friend,
As with a Shield my Head defend :
Up to thy Hill I lift my Voice,
In thee, my Glory, I'll rejoyce.
 - 4 Oft have I, Lord, thy Goodness try'd,
When I to thee for Favour cry'd.
 - 5 In Sleep securely I repose ;
For thou preserv'st me from my Foes.
 - 6 The many Thousands that appear
In Arms, shall never make me fear :
 - 7 But thou, O mighty God, arise,
And check my rebel Enemies.
- As thou hast often heretofore,
Blast their Designs, and curb their Pow'r.
- 8 In thee, O Lord, is help alone ;
Thy Blessing shall thy People crown.

II. METRE.

- 1 **H**OW many, Lord, against me rise!
Become my Enemies :
 - 2 My constant Faith they treat with scorn,
And think me now forlorn.
 - 3 Thou wilt, tho' left by ev'ry Friend,
As with a Shield defend :
Up to thy Hill I lift my Voice,
And in thy Name rejoyce.
 - 4 Oft have I, Lord, thy Goodness try'd,
When I for Favour cry'd :
 - 5 In Sleep securely I repose ;
Thou sav'st me from my Foes.
 - 6 The Thousands that in Arms appear,
Shall never make me fear ;
 - 7 But thou, O mighty God, arise,
And check my Enemies.
- As thou hast often heretofore,
Curb and destroy their Pow'r.
- 8 In thee, O Lord, is help alone ;
Blessings thy People crown.

PSAL.

PSALM IV.

5

PSALM IV.

- 1 **O** God, my righteous Judge,
Receive and hear my Pray'r;
My Innocence, which has so oft,
Again implores thy Care.
- 2 And you who well have known
The Justice of my Reign,
How long will ye your Souls with Sin,
And me with Slanders stain?
- 3 But vain are your Designs;
For God our Aid shall be:
The God who rais'd me to the Throne,
Accepts my Pray'r and me.
- 4 With humble Reverence,
His Justice and his Pow'r,
When on your Beds you calmly view,
You'll fear t' offend him more.
- 5 Who from an upright Heart
Their pious Off'rings give,
May safely on the Lord rely,
And shall his Aid receive.
- 6 Many with fearful Hearts,
For Peace and Safety call:
Thy Favour, Lord, is all we ask;
For that to us is all.
- 7 Thy Comforts have my Soul
With mighty Pleasures fill'd;
Less are the Joys when clustring Grapes
Or Sheaves their Plenty yield.
- 8 In downy Sleep secure,
My weary Spirits rest,
Unbroke with fears of Danger near,
With God's Protection blest.

PSALM V.

- 1 **W**ith favour, Lord, my Prayers receive,
Mine Heart appeals to thee;
- 2 And thou, with whom my Cause I leave,
My King, and Judge shalt be.

B 3

3 My

- 3 My wakeful Tongue before the Sun,
In early Morn shall rise ;
Early towards thy glorious Throne
I'll lift my longing Eyes.
- 4 For Sin with Thee shall never find,
Nor wicked Men a place ;
- 5 Thy shining Glories strike them blind,
Or drive them from thy Face.
- 6 Who stain their Tongues with slanderous Lies,
Or Hands in Blood imbrue,
By fawning Treachery surprize,
Thy Justice shall pursue.
- 7 But me thy Goodness shall restore,
Thy House again receive ;
There will I humbly thee adore,
And thankful Off'rings leave.
- 8 Securely with prevailing Grace
Prepare and guide my way ;
Oh teach my Feet to run thy Race,
And never trip nor stray.
- 9 For faithless fawning Tongues bereave
The Righteous of their Fame,
How like the hungry gaping Grave,
Which Death can never tame.
- 10 But turn their crafty curst Deceit
On their devoted Head,
Let them sink under Sin, and meet
The Snares for others laid.
- 11 But those that on thine Aid depend,
Shall in thy Name rejoyce ;
Them and their Cause thou wilt defend,
And justify their Choice.
- 12 Let Joy their chearful Heart possess,
The Joy thy Favours yield ;
Thy Favours which their Head shall bless,
And save as with a Shield.

P S A L M VI.

- 1 **O** Lord, from me thine Anger turn,
Nor let thy Wrath against me burn :

2 But

PSALM VI.

7

- 2 But pity to my Grief disclose,
And to mine aking Bones Repose.
- 3 Quiet my troubled Soul in Peace :
How long ! how long thou hid'st thy Face !
- 4 Oh, turn and swift Deliv'rance make,
For thy triumphant Mercy's sake.
- 5 For who within the silent Place
Of gloomy Death shall sing thy Praise ?
- 6 My Tears upon my Pillow run,
And ev'ry Breath I draw's a Groan.
- 7 Mine Eyes forget their nobler Use,
Are dim with Shame before my Foes :
- 8 But cease to triumph in my Fall ;
My gracious God has heard my Call.
- 9 My piteous Cries have reach'd his Ear,
With Favour he regards my Pray'r :
- 10 Vex with my Shame and Grief my Foes,
Who came and triumpht in my Woes.

II. METRE.

- 1 **O** Gracious God, thy Wrath restrain,
Nor Stripes in Anger give ;
- 2 Oh, let my weary Bones from Pain
Their Ease at length receive.
- 3 In bitter Grief my Soul does mourn ;
How long, O Lord, how long !
- 4 Return, to the distrest return,
And save from cruel Wrong.
- 5 For in the gloomy Vale of Death
No kind Remembrance stays ;
No grateful Heart with tuneful Breath,
Shall there proclaim thy Praise.
- 6 My Groans prolong the tedious Night,
The Pillow swims with Tears ;
- 7 Tears, which offend and cloud my Sight,
Opprest with Shame and Cares.
- 8 Hence, ye profane, who mock'd my Grief ;
For God observes my Sighs :
- 9 My gracious God will give Relief,
And hear my mournful Cries.

- 10 So let mine Enemies with Shame,
And blasted Spight return;
So, by the Rage with which they came,
And hop't to triumph, burn.

P S A L M VII.

- 1 **O** Lord, my God, in whom I trust,
Save me from Punishments unjust.
2 Let not the raging Lion roar,
And, unprotected me, devour.
3 Lord, if I ever this design'd,
Or ever had it in my Mind,
4 If ever I did Treaties break,
Or Peace with close Designs did speak;
(Did I not often Mercy show,
And spare his Life who was my Foe ?)
5 Let him pursue me then to Death,
And take away my hated Breath;
Down let him send me to the Grave,
And of my Honours me bereave.
6 Inrag'd with what my Enemies
In cruel Rage contrive, arise:
Awake thy Fury, let it pour
On such as would my Soul devour.
7 Incourag'd thus the Faithful shall,
Around thy Throne for Favour call:
O for their sakes thy self reveal,
Thy Vengeance let the Wicked feel.

* * *

P S A L M VIII.

- 1 **O** Lord, our Lord, and our Supream,
How excellent is thy great Name!
Through all the Earth thy Fame is spread,
In Heav'n thy Glories are display'd.
2 Thou, to confound thy haughty Foes,
Hast little Babes and Sucklings chose:
They shall proclaim thy glorious Truth;
Shall still the Foe, and stop his Mouth

3 When

PSALM XI.

9

- 3 When Heav'n thy Work begirt with Blue,
The Moon, and these bright Stars I view ;
- 4 Then what is Man, or what his Son,
For thee to love and smile upon ?
- 5 For thou with Glory hast him grac'd,
And but below the Angels plac'd :
- 6 O'er all thy Works thou him didst set,
And humbled all Things at his Feet ;
- 7 The bleating Sheep, and lowing Ox,
The roaming Beasts, or feeding Flocks ;
- 8 The feather'd Fowl that fan the Air,
Or what to Pool or Seas repair.
- 9 O Lord, our Lord, and our Supream,
In all the Earth how great's thy Name.

PSALM XI.

- 1 **I**N God my Trust I have repos'd,
Why do you then my Soul despise ?
Why say you, *Like a Bird inclos'd,*
Fly to some Mountain if you're wise?
- 2 The wicked take their cruel Bows,
And fit their Arrows to the String ;
The Upright for their Mark they choose,
And unexpected Ruin bring.
- 3 If the Foundations be destroy'd,
What can, alas ! the Righteous do ?
- 4 God in his Temple does abide,
The Heav'n his glorious Throne does shew.
All that is done he sees below,
His Eyes behold the secret Thought ;
- 5 His Love he to the Good will show,
But hates the Cruel and the Naught.
- 6 Upon the Wicked he shall rain
Snares, Fire and Brimstone, horrid Storm ;
This to the Wicked shall remain,
A bitter Cup, a sad Alarm.
- 7 For the Just Lord delights to see
His Image drawn of Righteousness ;
Upon the Upright still will he
Smile with his Face, and ever bless.

PSAL.

PSALM XV.

- W** Ho is it with God shall abide in his Sight?
 And who shall enjoy the Delights of his Hill?
 2 He that is sincere, and is truly upright,
 And he that avoids and abhors to do Ill.
 3 No Slanders he speaks, nor with cursed Device
 Assaults the repose of his Neighbour's good Name:
 4 The Vile he rejects, but the Good are his Choice,
 He Vows to his Hurt, yet is true to the same.
 5 Oppression and Bribes he avoids with like Care,
 Nor lives by the Sweat of another alone:
 6 Who thus for the Bus'ness of Life does prepare,
 Shall stand as secure as a Pillar of Stone.

II. METRE.

- W** Ho shall enjoy Jehovah's Sight?
 Or who possesses his Hill?
 2 The Just, Sincere, and true Upright,
 Abhorring to do ill.
 3 Neither with Slanders nor Device,
 He hurts his Neighbour's Name;
 4 The Bad he hates, the Good his Choice,
 His Vow and Heart's the same.
 5 Us'ry and Bribes, he shuns with Care,
 The Poor he'll not oppress:
 6 Who thus his Spirit will prepare,
 Shall never meet Distress.

PSALM XVIII.

- O** Lord, in whom secure I rest,
 Thy Love shall ever fill my Breast:
 2 Thy Pow'r's a Rock unmov'd below,
 Above, a Refuge from the Foe.
 My Strength, whene'er I would engage,
 A Shield to save from hostile Rage;
 A Horn their Malice to repel,
 A Tow'r where I in safety dwell.
 3 I'll ever Praise his wondrous Love,
 Which well our Heart and Tongue may move:
 And

PSALM XVIII.

11

- And when the Enemies invade,
I will implore and gain his Aid.
- 4 Death with its black Attendants crown'd,
And dismal Sorrows clos'd me round :
Cruel and Wicked Men purfu'd
Like some impetuous rowling Flood.
- 5 The wily Snares of Death were laid ;
And Hell its Terrors too display'd.
- 6 To Heav'n, while thus oppress'd with Wrong,
I rais'd my Eyes, and loos'd my Tongue.
Then did his Pity soon appear ;
For soon my Sorrows reach't his Ear.
- 7 While Vengeance from the Throne he spoke,
Heav'n trembled, and the Earth was shook.
The Center soon his Wrath perceiv'd,
The Rocks were mov'd, the Mountains heav'd.
- 8 Smoke from his Nostrils did respire,
And from his Mouth devouring Fire.
- 9 He bow'd the Heav'ns involv'd in Clouds,
The Gloom his Presence owns, and shrouds.
- 10 A Cherub was his Chariot made,
And on the winged Winds display'd.
- 11 Dark was the Presence to the Eye,
And watry Clouds obscur'd the Sky ;
- 12 Which, when his Face he did unvail,
Dissolv'd in Lightning and in Hail.
- 13 Again, the Lord in Thunder spake,
And at his Voice the Heav'ns did shake ;
- 14 The Thunder-bolts, and stormy Hail,
And flashy Flames the Foes assail.
- 15 Th' affrighted Floods disclos'd their Bed,
And from the Deep the Waters fled,
When the Great Lord in furious Smoke,
In Thunders, and in Lightnings spoke.
- 16 His Angels then he sent to save
And draw me from the fatal Wave.
- 17 He made my haughty Foes retreat,
Whose Pow'r was, as their Malice, great.

18 Though

- 18 Though me they unprepar'd assail'd,
 Yet I by Pow'r Divine prevail'd.
 19 To Life he added Liberty,
 For his Delight was plac'd on me.
 20 The Lord, who *knew* how free I stood,
 My Heart from Guile, my Hands from Blood;
 My Head with Favours compass'd round,
 And with Divine Protection crown'd.
 21 For I have travel'd in the Ways,
 Where God his Grace and Truth displays;
 I have not wandred from the Path,
 Nor stubbornly provok'd his Wrath.
 22 His Laws were always in my Hands,
 I never slighted his Commands.
 23 Sincerely in his Fear I liv'd,
 Nor any Man with Guile deceiv'd.
 24 The Lord, who *saw* how free I stood,
 My Heart from Guile, my Hands from Blood;
 For this with Favours clos'd me round,
 And with Divine Protection crown'd.
 25 The Merciful shall always find
 The Lord both Merciful and Kind.
 The Just, who succour the Distrest;
 Thou wilt relieve them when oppress'd.
 26 The Pure, the Holy, and the Good
 Shall be with Peace and Grace endu'd.
 But those that stubbornly rebel.
 The Vengeance of thine Arm shall feel.
 27 Thou sav'st th' Oppress'd that on thee call,
 But the proud haughty Man shall fall.
 28 For God will guild my Paths with Light,
 And make my burning Taper bright.
 29 Assisted by thy mighty Aid,
 Ev'n I a Lane through Troops have made;
 And from my God with Vigour warm'd
 A Town begirt with Walls have storm'd.
 30 For God is faithful to his Word,
 So often try'd, so oft ador'd;
 His Pow'r to who Reliance yield,
 Is an Impenetrable Shield.

PSALM XVIII.

13

- 31 The Lord alone's a God of Pow'r:
What Force besides can us secure?
- 32 'Tis He that makes my Sinews strong,
With Triumph guides my Steps along,
- 33 Swift to pursue, or to assail,
In highest Hills, or in the Vale;
- 34 Instructs me how the Sword to wield,
To draw the Bow, and pierce the Shield.
- 35 Thine Arm 's my Shield in ev'ry Streight,
Thy tender Love has made me Great:
- 36 By thee my Bounds extended are,
I tread secure, and fear no Snare.
- 37 Mine Enemies before me fly,
And by my pointed Arrows dye:
- 38 Their many Wounds create a Flood,
They welter in a Sea of Blood.
- 39 Girt with thy Strength I take the Field
And make the stubborn Rebels yield;
- 40 Now prostrate at my Feet they lye,
And at my Will they live or dye.
- 41 In vain their Voice to Heav'n they rear,
For God was deaf to ev'ry Pray'r:
- 42 Then did I beat their Pow'rs combin'd,
Like Dust that flies before the Wind.
- 43 In all the Fury of the Crowd,
My Head from Harm the Lord did shroud;
He rais'd it to Imperial Sway,
And Foreign Nations shall Obey.
- 44 Their peaceful Tribute they shall bring,
With humble Homage own their King;
- 45 Pale Fear their Faces shall disclose;
The secret Holes forsook, they chose.
- 46 The Lord's Eternal in his Sway,
And blest be He, my Rock and Stay:
To God, by whom alone I live,
Eternal Praise and Glory give.
- 47 'Tis He my righteous Cause maintains,
The Peoples blinded Rage restrains:
- 48 From all the Plots and Snares they laid,
'Tis He alone secures my Head.

'Tis

- 'Tis He, that has advanc'd me more,
 Than all the Tools of lawless Pow'r ;
 Has been my Safety and Defence,
 Against the Man of Violence.
- 49 For this, among the num'rous Crowd,
 I will proclaim thy Mercies loud ;
 With Joy my hearty Praises bring,
 And thankful Songs of Triumph sing.
- 50 Great is the Pow'r of God to save,
 The Mercies great the King He gave ;
 David has tasted of his Grace,
 Entail'd upon the coming Race.

P S A L M XXIII.

- 1 **T**He Lord, my Shepherd, me relieves,
 And will for all my Wants provide ;
- 2 The Fatness of the Field he gives,
 Where purling Streams of Water glide.
- 3 He heals the Wounds that grieve my Soul,
 And guides me in the Paths of Grace ;
- 4 Despair nor Death with Visage foul,
 Shall never drive me to Distress.
- For thou art ever by my Side,
 By Chastisements to keep me pure,
 By watchful Care my Steps to guide,
 By both my Safety to secure.
- 5 Become the Envy of my Foes,
 With sweet Repast my Table's crown'd,
 Upon my Head the Ointment flows,
 Smiles the full chearful Cup around.
- 6 Oh, who shall after this despair,
 Or doubt the plenty of thy Grace ?
 And I will gratefully repair,
 And spend my Life before thy Face.

P S A L M XXV.

- 1 **L**ift my Soul to Thee,
 And there, O Lord, repose ;
- 2 From scornful Malice set me free,
 And Triumphs of my Foes.

PSALM XXV.

15

- 3 Yea, all that fear thy Name,
Let all thy Favour find :
But justly their deserved Shame
On stubborn Sinners send.
- 4 O teach me by thy Grace
Thy Sacred Paths to tread :
- 5 Direct me in thy righteous Ways,
And in thy Statutes lead.
For thou art all my Pow'r,
On whom alone I live,
Whence ev'ry Day, and ev'ry Hour
I Benefits receive.
- 6 Thy Grace and tender Love,
Renew, O Lord, again,
Again thy Mercies kindly prove,
Which evermore remain.
- 7 O do not strictly view
My early stubborn Sins,
But cover with thy Grace the Hiew
The Filth and heinous Stains.
- 8 Great is thy matchless Grace,
Thy Promise ever sure ;
The Sinners thou wilt teach thy Ways,
And make their Conscience pure.
- 9 The Humble shall obtain
His Favour and his Grace,
His Sacred Spirit to restrain,
And keep them in his Ways.
- 10 Mercy and Truth around
The Righteous shall attend,
Who in his Sacred Paths are found,
And on his Aid depend.
- 11 Oh, for thy promis'd Grace,
The honour of thy Name
Pardon, and utterly deface
My heinous Sin and Shame.
- 12 Where is the Man that fears
The Lord with humble dread ?
Him his protecting Spirit chears,
And in his Paths doth lead.
- 13 His

16 PSALM XXV.

- 13 His Soul with hearty Peace,
Shall in his Favour rest,
His House shall be with large Increase,
A numerous Seed possess.
- 14 The Just shall also prove
One happy Favour more,
The sweet Assurance of his Love,
A secret pleasant Store.
- 15 I Send my Eyes and Pray'rs
Up ever to the Lord,
To save me from the secret Snares,
The Gin and wily Cord.
- 16 O turn thy smiling Face,
And pity my Distress,
Incline thy Mercy and thy Grace,
And my Complaints redress.
- 17 My Heart beneath the Weight
And heavy Load of Grief,
Sinks in a very low Estate,
Laments and begs Relief.
- 18 Look on my grievous Pain,
Behold my mournful Case,
O purify my filthy Stain
With thy prevailing Grace.
- 19 Consider how beset
With Enemies around,
How much pursu'd with cruel Hate,
And Rage that knows no bound.
- 20 So much the more return
In favour to my Soul,
Make me not under Shame to mourn,
For on thy Name I rowl.
- 21 And let my Uprightness
Prevail upon thy Grace;
- 22 From all their Troubles and Distress,
Redeem thy Chosen Race.

PSALM XXXII.

- 1 **H**appy is he, whom God forgives;
And from his Justice hides his Sin;
- 2 Happy, who pard'ning Grace receives,
Without untainted, pure within.
- 3 My Sins, when I would them conceal,
Like Flames restrain'd, more fiercely burn'd:
My very Bones the Pain did feel;
And all the Day I sigh'd and mourn'd.
- 4 Thou mad'st me feel thy heavy Hand;
Which on me lay, and press'd me sore;
The Day, like scorching Summer, tan'd;
The Night away my moisture bore.
- 5 But I will all my Sins confess,
And spread my Crimes before thy Face;
Own, and lament my Wickedness,
And thus obtain thy pard'ning Grace.
- 6 This sweet Encouragement shall be,
For all to seek thy Gracious Aid;
When Dangers, like the raging Sea,
The Quiet of their Souls invade.
- 7 In Thee, my Safety; will I rest,
And thy secure Protection claim;
Thus with thy daily Favours blest,
I'll daily sing thy Glorious Name.
- 8 Come, and attend, and I will shew
The peaceful Ways which safely lead;
Mine Eye shall all your Actions view,
And point the Paths you ought to tread.
- 9 Far from your humble Souls remove
The stubborn and presumptuous Thought;
Nor like the Brute Creation prove,
By Force, and not Perswasion taught.
- 10 Sorrows shall close the Ways of Vice;
And Blessings crown the Pious Head:
- 11 Be glad ye Righteous, and rejoyce,
Ye Just your joyful Triumphs spread:

PSALM XXXIII,

- 1 **A**dvance the Glories of the Lord ; א
 For Praise becomes the upright Heart : ב
 2 Beat on the Harp's resounding Cord, ג
 The Psaltery, and Strings of Art. ד
 3 Give to his Praise new Tunes compos'd, ה
 With chearful Notes his Fame resound. ו
 4 Design'd for Justice, and disclos'd ז
 For Truth, his Word and Works are found. ח
 5 Him Righteousness and Judgment please, ט
 The Earth is with his Goodness fill'd: י
 6 Wide Heav'n was spread by his Decrees, יא
 And by his Word its Host upheld. יב
 7 Ev'n as a Heap of Earth, the Sea יג
 At his Command does swell its Store : יד
 8 Charge all that there his Wonders see, יו
 Him reverently to Adore. יז
 9 Taught by his Voice, each in its Place יח
 Produc'd, comes forth, and firmly sits ; יט
 10 If Heathens would his Saints disgrace, כ
 Their Plots, and Counsels he defeats. כא
 11 Counsels, which God Jehovah takes, כב
 For ever stand, and his Designs ; כג
 12 Lo, blessed, He the Nation makes, כד
 And People, where his Glory shines. כה
 13 Midst all the Hurries, he beholds, כו
 He sees from Heav'n the Hearts of Men ; כז
 14 Nothing that any one infolds, כח
 Or shrouds them from his curious Ken. כט
 15 Such Hearts for all, he did procure, ל
 He all their secret Mazes traces ; לא
 16 Yea, Kings are not in Hosts secure, לב
 Nor mighty Men in strongest Places. לג
 17 Put not in swiftest Horses Trust, לד
 Nor on their Strength or Fire depend ; לה
 18 Open, and smiling on the Just, לו
 His Eyes the Lord doth kindly bend. לז

19 Keep-

19 *Being Letters little used in English, I have
 used the Vowells E and O for them.*

20 *I think the Original sound is our Y.*

P S A L M XXXVIII.

19

- 19 Keeping their Lives, and them from Death; ך
 In Famin Plenty still doth yield ;
 20 Resteth our Soul upon his Breath, ר
 Which promis'd us his Helping Shield.
 21 Shall not our Hearts in him rejoyce, ש
 Since we have trusted in his Name ?
 22 Thy Mercy Lord, our Hope and Choice; ח
 Be still on us, and still the same.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

- 1 **O** Lord, from me thine Anger turn,
 Nor let thy Wrath against me burn.
 2 Thy heavy Hand I groaning bear,
 And angry Marks of Justice wear.
 3 My bruised Flesh thine Anger shows,
 And aking Bones my Sins disclose :
 4 Sins for my feeble Strength too great,
 That load and sink me with their weight.
 5 My Wounds of Folly; which I bear,
 Loathsome and full of Filth appear.
 6 I faint beneath the Misery,
 And all the Day I mourn and Sigh.
 7 No part of me *sincere* remains,
 But all my Body 's fill'd with Stains.
 8 Faint, and oppress'd with Shame and Grief,
 My Heart laments, and longs Relief.
 9 Lord, thou hast seen, and know'st my Care,
 My Groanings all to Thee appear.
 10 My panting Heart is hardly warm,
 My Eyes their Office scarce perform.
 11 Flatt'ers and Friends their Distance keep,
 And Ties of Blood are lull'd asleep.
 12 But those who hate my Life awake,
 Contrive; and dang'rous Counsels take.
 13 As Deaf, I slight their Calumnies,
 And Dumb to all their sland'rous Lies.
 14 Patient of Wrongs their Envy scorn'd;
 Nor angry Words again return'd.
 15 In Thee alone, my Hope shall be;
 For thou wilt hear, and rescue me.

- 16 For this, to Thee, I made my Pray'r ;
For this, I claim thy Gracious Ear.
Else will they Triumph over me,
Insult my Grief and Misery.
- 17 For well my Weakness I perceive,
Too oft, and just Occasions give.
- 18 Oh, I will all my Sins confess,
Secret and open Wickedness.
With humble Shame my Follies view,
With Hearty Penitence pursue.
- 19 Though Health, and Pow'r, and Numbers be
The Glories of my Enemy ;
- 20 Their Wrath's unsated with Revenge,
Because I'll not my Service change.
- 21 O Lord, O thou my God, appear ;
Arise my Strength, be ever near.
- 22 Come to my Succour and Relief,
O Lord, my Army, and my Chief.

P S A L M XLII.

- 1 **A**S the poor tired thirsty Hart
Pants for the cool refreshing Streams,
My longing Soul doth sorely smart
For want of thy reviving Beams.
- 2 Driv'n from my God, and banisht Home,
I thirst, I pine, for want of Thee :
Oh, when shall the blest Season come,
Thy Glorious Face again to see ?
- 3 With mournful Tears, I feed my Grief
All the long Day, and lonely Night :
" Where is your God to give Relief ?
They cry, with Scorn and wicked Spight.
- 4 Mourns my sad Soul, when I review
What once I was, and what I am ;
How oft thy joyful Praise to shew,
Amongst thy num'rous Saints I came.
- 5 Why, my sad Soul, why art so low ?
Why languish'st thou with black Despair ?
To God, who will his Favour show,
To God, thy Hope, and Helper rear. 6 Oh,

PSALM XLV.

21

- 6 Oh, my dear God, my fainting Soul
Beneath my heavy Grievs does moan ;
But I will on that Favour roul,
At *Jordan*, and at *Missar* shown.
- 7 Sorrows, like stormy Floods of Rain,
Waves, upon Waves, in Surges roul :
Such are the Billows of my Pain,
That sink beneath the Deeps my Soul.
- 8 But God will yet again be Kind,
And ev'ry Day his Grace revive ;
Then ev'ry Night shall Songs ascend,
Before the Lord, by whom I live.
- 9 Thus, to my God, I will Complain ;
" Why leav'st thou me, my Rock, alone ?
" Why do I ever mourn for Pain,
" And still beneath Oppression Groan ;
- 10 The sharp Reproach and Scorn I bear,
Is like the pointed Sword within ;
Their Triumph, whilst I daily hear,
" Where is the God, you trusted in.
- 11 Why, my sad Soul, why art so low,
Why languish'st thou with black Despair ?
Trust God who will his Favour show,
He is my God, and will appear.

PSLM XLV.

- 1 **M**Y Soul is fill'd with Heat Divine,
The King the glorious Subject is :
As ready as the Writer's Pen,
My tuneful Tongue shall sing his Praise.
- 2 O Fairest of the Sons of Men,
Whose Lips are fill'd with charming Grace ;
Thy God, the Bounteous Author, will
For ever Thee delight to Bless.
- 3 Thy Sword, thy Conqu'ring Sword, receive,
And bind it to thy Mighty Thigh ;
At once the Emblem of thy Pow'r,
And of thy Glorious Majesty.

- 4 Meekness, and Truth, and Justice bid
Thee, thus Adorn'd, thy Steed ascend ;
Thine Arm with dreadful Terror fill'd,
Thine Arm shall teach thee to Defend.
- 5 Thine Enemies before Thee fall,
Where'er thy pointed Arrows fly,
The hardy Fools, who dare presume
To try thy Wrath, are sure to Dye.
- 6 Perpetual Justice shall ascend,
And rest on thy Eternal Throne ;
- 7 For Justice is thy sole Delight,
And Sin thy hated Foe alone.
- Thy God, with Complacential Love,
For this, shall bless thy Nobler Part ;
For this, above the rest prefer'd,
The Oyl of Joy shall fill thy Heart.
- 8 Cassia, and Myrrh, and Aloës,
A rich Perfume, their Odours give,
Around thy Fragrant Garments smell,
And yield the Sweetness they receive.
- 9 Thy Court with shining Beauties fill'd,
And Royal Princesses was seen ;
At thy Right-hand, in Needle-work
Of purest Gold attir'd, the Queen.
- 10 And thou, my Lovely Daughter, cease
Thy Father, and thy Friends to moan ;
Thy Choice, a new Protection gives,
And makes thy Consort's House thy own.
- 11 The King, with Cordial Love, shall then
Thy Sweetness, and thy Beauty meet ;
But Fear him as thy Sovereign Lord,
And humbly Worship at his Feet.
- 12 There shall thy Pride and Glory be,
Thee mighty Nations shall Obey ;
With Noble Gifts thy Favour court,
And shall to Thee, their Homage Pay.
- 13 Sweetness, and Modesty, and Love,
Within, the Glorious Bride adorn ;
Bright, as the Splendid Robes of Gold,
About her Beauteous Body worn,

PSALM XLVI.

23

- 14 Nature shall give her choicest Stores,
And Art improve with wond'rous Skill :
- 15 The Queen, with all her Virgin Train,
The Palace shall with Pleasure fill.
- 16 Soon shall thy pratling Boys beguile
Thy Parents of thy pious Care :
These through the spacious Earth shall spread,
And teach the Subject World to fear.
- 17 This tuneful Song, thy glorious Praise
Through all the World shall soon proclaim :
Thy People early shall begin,
And ev'ry Age shall Bless thy Name.

PSALM XLVI.

- 1 **G**OD is our Refuge, and Support,
A very present Help in Straits:
- 2 We will not fear tho' Earth Retort,
Or Hills be loosen'd from its Gates.
- 3 Though Seas in stormy Billows roar,
And shake the Rocks, and dash the Shoar.
- 4 There is a River, Smooth and Clear,
Whose Waters Zion shall rejoyce ;
Shall all the Tabernacle Chear,
Where God gives out his Awful Voice.
- 5 God is in her, (she shall not move)
He'll in the Morn display his Love.
- 6 The Nations foam'd with bitter Rage,
The Kingdoms all assembled round ;
His Thunder did their Wrath assuage,
Their Spirits quell, and Plots confound.
- 7 The Lord of Hosts, our Champion goes ;
And is our Refuge from our Foes.
- 8 Come, and behold his Awful Pow'r:
Through all the Earth what Havock's made ;
- 9 He cruel War forbids to roar,
Which Ruin through the Earth did spread ;
He breaks the twanging Bow and Spear,
And burns the Chariot in the Fire.

C 4

10 Let

- 10 Let your mad Fury be appeas'd,
And know, that I, the Lord, am God :
I, in the Nations, will be Prais'd,
Admir'd by All, and fear'd Abroad.
- 11 The Lord of Hosts, our Champion goes,
And is our Refuge from our Foes.

P S A L M XLVII.

- 1 **T**O God, ye People, Triumphs raise,
With joynd Hands, and tuneful Tongue,
2 Whose boundless Pow'r the Scepter sways
O'er All, that from his Goodness sprung.
3 Victorious, He before us goes,
And brings the haughty Nations down :
4 The lovely Place He for us Chose,
He will secure and make our own.
- 5 God through the Clouds ascends ; around
His Angels Songs of Triumph sing :
6 Sound to our God, his Praises sound ;
Sound the glad Praises to our King.
7 O'er all the Earth his Scepter sways,
Let ev'ry Soul his Praises sing,
8 The Heathen World his Rule obeys,
And tremble at their Holy King.
- 9 The People and the Princes throng
To Worship and Extol his Name :
God, their Protector is, and Song,
Whose Pow'r is Infinite, and Fame.

P S A L M L.

- 1 **T**He Lord, the Mighty God hath spoke,
To him thou list'ning Earth attend,
Where first the darksome Gloom is broke,
And where the Sun its Course doth end.
- 2 From Zion God did glorious shine ;
Zion was fill'd with Rays Divine.
- 3 The Lord shall come, with Glory crown'd ;
The Thunders shall about him roar ;
The flashing Lightning glitter round ;
And blustering Tempests march before.

PSALM L.

25

- 4 The Heav'n and Earth shall Summon'd be,
While o're his People Judge sits He.
- 5 Gather th' Assemblies to the Bar,
Who openly Profess my Name;
Let all the People then appear,
Who dare their Righteousness proclaim.
- 6 His Justice God will then declare,
To plague the Bad, the Good to spare.
- 7 Oh, *Israel* hear, my People chose,
While I the Lord, ev'n I, declare,
- 8 I scorn your Solemn Poms and Shows,
And Off'rings, which you did not spare.
- 9 No Bullock from thy Stall desire,
Nor from the Fold thy Goats require.
- 10 For, ev'ry Beast that crops the Field,
The Cattle, which the Mountains yield,
- 11 The wandring Fowls that wing the Air,
The scatter'd Beasts that Range afar,
Do all on me, their Lord, depend;
And at my Call, they all Attend.
- 12 If griping Hunger pinch't me sore,
Need I my Wants to thee declare?
For all the World Obey my Pow'r;
And mine the swelling Fullness are.
- 13 Need Flesh of Bulls be my Food,
Or Goats supply for Drink their Blood?
- 14 That Off'ring, which the Lord will please,
Is grateful Praise, and Vows restor'd:
- 15 Then call upon him in Distress,
His ready Help He will afford.
Thus each Return of grateful Praise,
Will certain Hopes of Mercy raise.
- 16 But fullen Brows, and Eyes severe,
God on the Wicked still will cast:
What false Pretence invites thee here,
Thy Goodness, or my Laws to boast?
My Statutes, what are they to thee?
My Cov'nant, or my Just Decree?

17 Thou

- 17 Thou fly'st the searching, piercing Word,
 Or turn'st to it thy deaf'ned Ear;
 18 Thou saw'st the Thief, and didst accord,
 And to his Mischief didst adhere.
 Thou saw'st th' Adult'rer's filthy Vice,
 Which did thy willing Heart intice.
 19 Malice, and Slander, and Deceit,
 Thy Heart, thy Tongue, and Mind employ;
 20 Thy very Brother thou wilt cheat,
 And ev'n thy nearest Friend destroy.
 By false Reports wilt blast his Name,
 By secret Plots wilt spoil his Fame.
 21 Presumptuous in thy Sins thou art,
 While I in Patience thee forbear,
 Thou say'st within thy wicked Heart,
 He'll not regard, or me will spare.
 But I will swiftly thee reprove,
 And Justice shall against thee move.
 22 Reflect on this, who God forget,
 Lest Justice seize, and none to free:
 23 He glorifies my Goodness right,
 Who offers hearty Praise to me.
 His Conversation, who will square,
 Shall Life, and my Salvation share.

P S A L M LI.

- 1 **P**ity, O God, my helpless State,
 Be merciful, as Thou art Great.
 Let Grace above my Sins abound,
 And Beams of Love enclose me round.
 2 From Sins my guilty Conscience clean,
 And purify me from their Stain.
 3 My Soul the heavy Weight has felt,
 And daily groans beneath the Guilt.
 4 My Soul of others too secure,
 Perversely bold to tempt thy Pow'r;
 Abus'd the Glories of thy Grace,
 And dar'd thee to thy very Face.
 How justly might thy Thunders roar,
 And punish him that scorn'd thy Pow'r.

PSALM LI.

27

- 5 Soon did the Guilty Reign begin,
Conceiv'd, and early form'd in Sin.
- 6 O search me, and the Guilt remove ;
And plant the Objects of thy Love.
Sincerity, and Truth restore,
And teach my flagging Soul to soar.
- 7 O Let thy gracious Beams of Love,
Like Hyssop all my Stains remove.
Washt in the Laver of thy Grace,
I shall the driving Snow surpass.
- 8 Then shall thy Mercy's tuneful Voice,
Make my reviving Soul rejoyce.
- 9 Oh, turn away thine angry Look,
And blot my Sins from out thy Book.
- 10 Create, O God, my Heart a-new,
And fix a Spirit pure and true.
- 11 O do not cast me from thy Love ;
Nor from my Soul thy Grace remove.
- 12 Restore thy saving Joys again,
Thy Spirit, and its Heavenly Train.
- 13 Then will I stubborn Sinners warn,
And teach Backsliders to return.
- 14 O God, in whom alone I live,
This guilty Cry of Blood forgive.
Then shall my Tongue thy Mercy bless,
And sing aloud thy Righteousness.
- 15 When thou my closed Lips shalt raise,
My Mouth shall soon proclaim thy Praise.
- 16 Little avails the costly Gift,
Or Beasts before thine Altar left.
- 17 The bleeding Heart's the Sacrifice,
Which God alone will not despise.
- 18 Thy Grace with me, let Zion find,
And Salem's Walls repair'd ascend.
- 19 Then shall they grateful Praise return ,
And Off'rings on thine Altar burn.
With Hearts sincere, their Bullocks bring,
Devoted to their Smiling King.

PSALM

P S A L M LVI.

- 1 **F**rom Man, no Mercy, Lord, I find;
 Be Thou, O God my Helper, kind.
 Daily oppress'd with lawless Pow'r,
 Which like a Whirl-pool wou'd devour.
- 2 My Foes perpetually contrive,
 And up would swallow me alive.
- 3 Many my ranc'rous Haters be,
 But I will always Trust in Thee.
- 4 For I have try'd thy Faithful Word,
 Thy Help thou wilt in Need afford.
 I will not fear the Arm of Man,
 Nor all that Mortal Malice can.
- 5 My Harmless Words they Daily Turn,
 Their Thoughts malicious always Burn:
- 6 My Actions all review'd to find
 If e'er my Footing has declin'd.
- 7 Shall these in Sin so quiet be?
 Before thine Anger make them flee.
- 8 Thou know'st my Wandrings, and each Tear,
 Preserve, and all my Suff'rings hear.
- 9 Whene'er I Pray, the Foe shall hide;
 For God, I know, is on my Side.
- 10 For I have try'd his Faithful Word,
 And I will Praise my Faithful Lord.
- 11 My Trust I have in God repos'd,
 And Man can never make me fear:
- 12 With Vows to Thee I am inclos'd,
 And I thy Praises will declare.
- 13 For Thou my Soul hast sav'd from Death,
 Wilt thou not help me in the Path?
 That I may firmly Tread thy Way,
 Secure from Slips, in perfect Day.

P S A L M LXIII.

- 1 **O** My Good God, my Soul for Rest
 To Thee, her Hope and Refuge, flies;
 My panting Heart within my Breast,
 For Thirst and tedious Absence dies.

Oh,

- Oh, how I long, while in this Vale
 Blest with no moist refreshing Dew,
 2 Again thy Pow'rful Arm to feel;
 Again, thy Glorious Face to view !
 3 How much the Comforts of thy Love
 Above the Joys of Life do raise !
 For this my tuneful Lips shall move,
 My Daily Song shall be thy Praise.
- 4 So long as Light shall bless my Eyes,
 So long as Life shall lengthen'd be,
 The Praises of my Lips shall rise,
 Joyn'd with my lifted Hands to Thee.
- 5 Thus shall my joyful Soul revive,
 With such delicious Dainties Blest,
 My Tongue and grateful Heart shall strive,
 Which shall adore and praise Thee best.
- 6 When gloomy Night with downy Sleep
 Has others weary Eye-lids clos'd,
 Sweet Thoughts awake my Heart shall keep,
 Thus in thy Converse well repos'd.
- 7 For I have known thy pow'rful Love,
 And safe beneath thy Wings I lie ;
- 8 Swiftly my Soul does tow'rd Thee move,
 By thy Right-hand Upheld am I.
- 9 But those, who unprovok'd pursue
 And seek my Life, shall loose their own ;
- 10 Pierc'd by the pointed Sword they drew,
 And left, a Prey to Beasts, alone.
- 11 Glory shall rest upon the Crown,
 And Honour follow Vows Sincere ;
 But God will punish with his Frown,
 And with his Arm the Perjur'd tear.

II. M E T R E.

- 1 **O**H, my Good God, my Soul for Rest,
 To Thee, her Refuge flies ;
 My panting Heart within my Breast,
 For tedious Absence dies.

Oh

- Oh, how I long, while in this Vale
Without refreshing Dew,
2 Again thy Pow'rful Arm to feel,
Thy Glorious Face to view !
- 3 How much the Comforts of thy Love,
The Joys of Life surpass ;
For this my thankful Lips shall move
My daily Song, thy Praise.
- 4 So long as Light shall bless my Eyes,
And Life shall lengthen'd be,
The Praises of my Lips shall rise,
And lifted Hands to Thee.
- 5 My joyful Soul shall soon Revive,
With such Refreshments blest ;
My Tongue, and grateful Heart shall strive
Which shall Adore Thee best.
- 6 When gloomy Night with downy Sleep,
Has others Eye-lids clos'd,
Sweet Thoughts awake my Heart shall keep,
Thus well with Thee repos'd.
- 7 Safely, secure of Pow'r and Love,
Beneath thy Wings I stand ;
- 8 Swiftly my Soul does tow'rd's Thee move :
Upheld by thy Right-hand.
- 9 But those, who unprovok'd, pursue
My Life, shall lose their own ;
- 10 Pierc'd by the pointed Sword they drew,
And left, to Beasts, alone.
- 11 Glory shall rest upon the Crown,
And upon Vows sincere ;
But on the Perjur'd God will Frown,
And with his Arm will tear.

P S A L M LXVII.

- 1 **G**OD in Mercy, and in Grace,
Shew to us his Glorious Face ;
Warm our Hearts with pow'rful Rays.
- 2 Then we soon shall spread thy Fame,
Through the World thy pow'rful Name,
And thy wondrous Love proclaim. 3 Let

PSALM LXXXII.

31

- 3 Let the Joyful People raise,
To the Lord, the Voice of Praise;
Yea, Let all the People praise.
- 4 Joyn ye Nations, joyn and sing;
God again will Justice bring;
God o'er all the Earth is King.
- 5 Let the Joyful People raise,
To the Lord, the Voice of Praise:
Yea, let all the People praise.
- 6 Plenty then the Earth shall crown,
God is now become our own:
God will send his Blessings down.
- 7 Thus distinguish'd by his Grace,
Nations shall together press,
Joyn with us, and seek his Face.

PSALM LXXXII.

- 1 **W**ith the Judge on the Seat,
And the Tribes, when they meet
To consult and advise of Affairs of the State,
There the Lord overlooks, and accounts with the Great.
- 2 Oh, how long will ye dare,
Then the Guilty to spare?
To corrupt and abuse the Intent of the Law,
And the Just to oppress, so perversely to draw.
- 3 Let the Orphans, and Poor,
Of your Help be secure;
- 4 Let th' Oppress'd and Afflicted strict Justice receive,
Let 'em safe from the Malice of Wicked Men live.
- 5 Oh, how foolish and blind,
Is their covetous Mind,
That will sell for a Bribe the Defence of the State,
And dissolve the whole Fabrick to make themselves Great!
- 6 Though the Place ye enjoy,
Does Exalt ye so high,
That you seem to claim Kindred and Birth from the Sky,
- 7 Yet your State, like your Nature, shall perish and die.

8 Let

- 8 Let the Lord, only Great,
Now ascend to his Seat;
Let him claim and exert his Superiour Merits,
And possess the World's Empire, he Justly Inherits.

P S A L M LXXXIV.

- 1 **O**H how delightful is the Place,
Where God uncovers his Bright Face?
Where Thou, thy Servants, Lord dost prove
With kind, and wondrous Acts of Love?
- 2 My fainting Soul remembers Thee,
And longs again thy Courts to see;
The yernings of my panting Breast,
Give to my weary'd Flesh no Rest.
- 3 Happy the Birds, who safely may
Within thy Sacred Temple stay,
To build their Nests, and leave their Young,
And unmolested sing their Song.
Shall these thine Altars then enjoy,
My chosen King, and shall not I?
- 4 Blessed is he, that ever stays,
Within thy Courts to sing thy Praise.
- 5 Blessed is he, that on thine Aid,
Has all his Hope and Refuge laid;
Whose Heart is fill'd with Holy Fires,
With Zealous and Inflam'd Desires.
- 6 Happy thy Servants, tho' their Way
Through *Baca's* barren Defart lay,
Baca, where ev'ry Well is dry,
Till Rain the empty Pools supply.
- 7 Each Step, they on to *Zion* take,
Does new increase of Vigor make;
Lively and chearful they appear
Before their God, who triumphs there.
- 8 Thine Ear, O mighty God, incline,
Thou, who art *Jacob's* God and mine;
- 9 Our Shield, and our Defence, in Peace
Smile on the King with Looks of Grace.

PSALM LXXXIV.

31

- 10 The Pleasure of thy Court excells,
For one short Day, a thousand else :
Oh let me rather keep thy Gates,
Than fill the Throne of wicked States.
11 For God, the Lord, will make his Face
A Sun to warm our Hearts with Grace :
His mighty Arm of Providence,
A Shield of Safety and Defence.
Thus Grace the Righteous shall attend,
And blissful Glory crown their End :
Thou nothing wilt the Good deny :
12 Oh, happy Man that trusts in Thee !

II. M E T R E.

- 1 **O**H, how Delightful is the Place,
Where God unveils his Face !
Where Thou, thy Servants, Lord, dost prove,
With wondrous Acts of Love ?
2 My fainting Soul remembers Thee,
And longs again to see :
The Yernings of my panting Breast,
Give to my Flesh no rest.
3 Happy the Birds, who safely may
Within thy Temple stay
To build their Nests, and leave their Young,
And freely sing their Song.
Shall these, thine Altars then enjoy ?
Shall these ; and shall not I ?
4 Blessed are they, who ever raise,
Within thy House, thy Praise.
5 Blessed is he, that on thine Aid,
Has all his Refuge laid ;
Whose Heart is fill'd with Holy Fires,
Zealous inflam'd Desires.
6 Happy thy Servants, tho' their Way
Through *Baca's* Desert lay :
Baca, where ev'ry Well is dry,
Till Rain the Pools supply.

D

7 Each

34 P S A L M LXXXVII.

- 7 Each Step they on to Zion take,
Doth Strength and Vigor make:
Lively, and Chearful they appear
Before Jehovah there.
- 8 Thine Ear, O mighty God, incline,
O *Jacob's* God, and mine.
- 9 O God, our Shield, with Looks of Grace,
Behold th' Anointed's Face.
- 10 For one short Day thy Court excells
A thousand Pleasures else;
Oh, let me rather keep thy Gate,
Than live in wicked State.
- 11 A Sun the Lord will make his Face,
To warm our Hearts with Grace;
His mighty Arm of Providence
Our Shield and our Defence.
- Thus Grace the Righteous shall attend,
And Glory crown their End:
- 12 Blest Men, thou'lt nothing them deny,
Who on thy Help rely.

P S A L M LXXXVII

- 1 **F**Ixt on a Rock, secure and high,
2 The Gates of *Zion* shall abide;
Lov'd of the Lord, and in his Eye
More than all *Israël* beside.
- 3 Great are the Praises which resound
Of thee, blest City, ev'ry where;
God in thy Walls will still be found,
And make thy Happiness his Care.
- 4 *Egypt* and *Babylon* shall haste,
And, not as Strangers, hither come;
Tyre and *Philistia* shall boast,
With *Æthiopia*, this their Home.
- 5 *Zion* shall ever have the Praise,
This Man, and that, be Born in her:
God shall her Honour greatly raise,
And her Renown and Pow'r secure.

PSALM XC.

35

- 6 When God shall Summons all his Seed,
Then shall he number thus his own ;
This Man from *Zion* did proceed,
And made her in the Nations known.
- 7 Pleasure, her Courts shall fill Abroad,
The Instrument and Voice shall sing,
“ *Zion* the Darling of her God,
“ From whence Eternal Blessings spring,

PSALM XC.

- 1 **I**N ev'ry Age, on Thee alone,
The Lives of Men depend :
- 2 Thou, who hast no Beginning known,
Nor ever shalt an End.
Thou wert, before the Mountains swell'd
Above their Kindred Earth ;
The World is by thy Pow'r upheld,
From whom it had its Birth.
- 3 Whene'er thou wilt thy Breath recall,
A while bestow'd to Men,
The glorious Frames in pieces fall,
And turn to Dust agen.
- 4 A Thousand Years no more appear,
Compar'd with endless Life,
Than Ev'ning Sleeps without their Care,
Or Hours of ended Grief.
- 5 Thou sweep'st 'em off the upper Earth
As mighty Floods of Rain,
Or Dreams that perish in their Birth,
And ne'er recall'd again ;
- 6 Or as the tender Herb that smiles
Upon the Morning-Sun,
But fades and withers when it feels
The scorching Rays of Noon.
- 7 Thy Favour thus, which thou bestow'st,
Our Souls with Joy doth crown ;
Joys, which are in thine Anger lost,
And vanish at thy Frown.

- 8 Of all our Crimes a strict Survey,
Thou tak'st with Eyes severe;
The Sins of Secrecy to Thee,
In all their Guilt appear.
- 9 Thy Justice makes our mournful Life
In pining Sorrows waste;
Like unregarded Tales of Grief,
Our chearless Days are past.
- 10 To Sev'nty Years, our usual Stage,
We onward struggling haste;
Or, if some strong and firmer Age
To Eighty Years should last:
How little has ev'n He to boast,
Of all his tedious Life?
How soon that little Portion's lost?
How much perplex'd with Grief?
- 11 Who, when thou art offended, will
Thy wrathful Anger bear?
Great, as the Pains the Damned feel,
Or guilty Sinners fear?
- 12 So let us then our Years recount,
To wean our Hearts from Earth;
To teach our drooping Souls to mount
And seek a nobler Birth.
- 13 How long, O Lord our God, ere Thou
Return with timely Grace?
- 14 Oh, let us early Mercy know,
And bless our coming Days.
- 15 So many as our Sorrows were,
So many as the Hours;
Such, and so many make appear,
The Joys thy Favour show'rs.
- 16 The Glories of thy mighty Arm,
For our Relief declare:
The coming Race shall then from Harm,
Seek Refuge only there.
- 17 Thy glorious Face upon us make
With Smiles of Favour shine;
Bless and succeed the Means we take,
And ev'ry just Design.

P S A L M XCIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, upon his Throne is crown'd,
That ever was, and ne'er shall end :
Power and Majesty surround,
By which this lower World's sustain'd.
- 2 Although the rebel Multitudes
BlaspHEME thy Goodness and thy Grace ;
As Waters in unruly Floods,
Against the Clouds their Billows raise ;
- 3 In vain, the mighty Tempests roar ;
For God, the Lord, Triumphs on high :
Thou bind'st the Seas within their Shoar,
And mak'st the rebel Murmurs dye.
- 4 Whate'er thy Goodness has declar'd,
Thy Pow'r will surely that perform ;
Thou wilt with Holiness be fear'd,
Which ever shall thy House Adorn.

P S A L M XCV.

- 1 **C**OME let us joyn and Praise the Lord,
Who does his Aid and Help afford.
- 2 Let us approach, with Songs, his Face,
With Psalms aloud proclaim his Grace.
- 3 Great is the Lord, our God alone,
Above the Heathen Gods his Throne.
- 4 His Pow'r the Earth's deep Caverns fills,
His are the great and lofty Hills.
- 5 The Sea's the Work of his Command,
His Pow'r created the Dry-land.
- 6 O let us worship, and bow down,
And kneeling, him our Maker own.
- 7 He is our God, and we the Sheep
That on his Pastures feed and sleep :
- 8 To Day, if you his Voice will hear,
Do not your Hearts obdurate fear :
- As when the People did provoke,
And tempted God's severest Stroke :
- 9 When your lewd Fathers try'd my Pow'r,
And heard my Rage and Anger roar.

- 10 Forty Years long I griev'd and bare,
And said, This People always err;
11 They know me not : but then I sware,
They never should my Promise share.

P S A L M XCVI.

- 1 **T**O God a Song of Praise record ;
Sing all the Earth the mighty Lord.
2 Sing to the Lord a Psalm of Praise,
For the Relief his Pow'r displays.
3 Publish thro' all the World his Fame ;
The Heathen shall admire his Name.
4 Great is the Lord, his Praises more,
And above other Gods his Pow'r.
5 Idols, and Vanity they be ;
The God that rais'd the Heav'ns is He.
6 Honour and Majesty surround,
With Pow'r, with Truth and Glory crown'd.
7 Give to the Lord, ye People, Praise ;
Give to the Lord, his Pow'r and Praise ;
8 Give, to the Lord, due Glory give,
And in his Courts your Off'rings leave.
9 Oh, worship in his glorious Place ;
With Holiness approach his Face.
Let all the Earth the Lord confess,
His Power fear, his Mercy bless.
10 Let all the Heathen sing, and say,
" The Lord asserts his Sov'reign sway ;
" The jarring Parts he will compose,
" And Justice in the Earth disclose.
11 Let Heav'n and Earth their Joy proclaim ;
The roaring Waves resound his Fame ;
12 The Field with all its Flow'ry Fruit :
The Trees that in the Forest shoot.
13 Behold, the Lord ! he comes, he comes,
To Judge the Earth, award their Dooms :
14 His Justice through the World shall go,
His Truth shall all the People know.

PSALM C.

- 1 **P**Eople of ev'ry Kind, who spring
From one Divine Original,
- 2 To God united Praises sing;
To God, the Cause, and End of all.
- 3 The Lord, and He alone, is God,
That said to us, when Nothings, live.
Like Sheep, our Pasturage and Food
We daily from his Hands receive.
- 4 For this, with grateful Hymns, his Praise
Before his Sacred Face proclaim:
For this, your chearful Voices raise,
And sing the Glories of his Name.
- 5 Good is our God; and ev'ry Day
The Wonders of his Grace we see;
His Grace, which never shall decay,
Faithful and ever Just is He.

II. METRE.

- 1 **P**Eople of ev'ry Kind, who spring
From one Original,
- 2 To God united Praises sing,
The Cause and End of all.
- 3 The Lord, and He alone, is God,
That did our Beings give;
Like Sheep, our Pasturage and Food,
We from his Hand receive.
- 4 For this, with grateful Hymns, his Praise
Before his Face proclaim:
For this, your chearful Voices raise,
And blest his Glorious Name.
- 5 Good is our God, and ev'ry Day
His wondrous Grace we see;
That Grace which never shall decay,
Faithful and Just is He.

III. METRE.

- 1 **S**ing Praises to the Lord ye Lands,
- 2 Observe with joy his Just Commands.

- With Songs before his Face appear ;
 3 The Lord is God, and He alone,
 Who made us, and will ever own
 His Sheep, his People, and his Care.
 4 Enter his Gates with thankful Praise,
 His Glorious Name triumphant raise,
 5 His Goodness known to Ages past :
 His Truth shall make his wondrous Grace
 Aloud proclaim'd in ev'ry Place,
 To Time's extreamest Borders last.

IV. M E T R E.

- 1 **R**ejoyce before the Lord,
 Ye People of all Lands;
 2 With chearful Hearts accord
 T' observe his just Commands.
 His Glorious Name
 For ever raise
 In Hymns of Praise,
 And sing his Fame.
 3 The Lord, is God alone,
 Author of Life and Stay;
 He will his People own,
 And save them when they stray.
 4 With grateful Praise,
 Approach his Face ;
 5 His Truth and Grace
 Endure always.

P S A L M CII.

- 1 **H**ear, O my God, my hearty Pray'r,
 And let my Sorrow reach thine Ear :
 2 Do not thy Face from me conceal,
 When I'm oppress'd with lawless Ill.
 3 My Days, like Smoke dissolv'd in Air,
 Are quickly flown and disappear;
 My Bones, with Sorrow parcht within,
 Are dry as Hearths where Fire hath bin.
 4 My Heart's as dry as wither'd Grass,
 My Appetite does from me pass ;

5 And

PSALM CII.

41

- 5 And wasted with my daily Groans,
All that is left is Skin and Bones.
- 6 The Pelicans that lonely fly,
The hooted Owls are just as I :
- 7 Contemptible as Birds that hop,
And chirp, and flutter on House-top.
- 8 Mine Enemies all Day devise,
With vow'd Revenge, malicious Lies.
- 9 Ashes have been my daily Bread,
My Drink the mournful Tears I shed.
- 10 'Tis thou, hast made me sorely bear ;
For thou can'st sink, and thou can'st rear.
- 11 Thus like a Shadow do I pass,
And wither like the Summer's Grass.
- 12 Thou, Lord, for ever shalt remain,
And Times to come thy Pow'r proclaim.
- 13 Arise, and on thy *Zion* smile,
For now, ev'n now's the time to heal.
- 14 (The least Remains of her are dear,
Her very Pavements are our Care.)
- 15 Then shall the Heathen sing thy Fame ;
And Kings revere thy Glorious Name.
- 16 Then will thy Glory be ador'd,
When *Zion's* State shall be restor'd:
- 17 And God wil surely kindly hear,
And will regard th' Afflicted's Pray'r.
- 18 And let it then recorded be,
For Ages yet unborn to see ;
Let future People hence proclaim,
And bless the Lord's triumphant Name.
- 19 For God from Heav'n did cast his Eye,
And from his Throne the Earth survey.
- 20 He heard the Pris'ners piteous Cry,
And sav'd the Men condem'd to dye.
- 21 That *Zion* might his Glories sing,
And with his Praises *Salem* ring.
- 22 When throng'd Assemblies gather there,
and Kingdoms meet with zealous Fear.

And

23 My

- 23 My feeble Flesh did quickly fail,
 Sickness against my Health prevail :
 24 Thus did I to Jehovah pray,
 Oh, take me not so soon away :
 25 Thy Years for ever do endure,
 The Heav'n and Earth are from thy Pow'r :
 26 Yet they with wasting Time decay,
 Like an old Garment worn away.
 27 But Thou, for ever Lord the same;
 With Thee there is not Year nor Time:
 28 Thy People too thou wilt secure,
 Who ever shall with Thee endure:

P S A L M CIII.

- 1 **B**less, thy good Lord, my chearful Soul
 Inspir'd with Gratitude and Love;
 His Name to bless, his Grace extol,
 Let all th' inflam'd Affections move.
 2 Bless, thy good Lord, my chearful Soul,
 For all the Favours of his Grace;
 Nor lengthn'd Years that onward roul,
 The kind Remembrance shall deface.
 3 For He again reviv'd thy Soul,
 He heal'd the Wounds that Sin had made ;
 Again restor'd thy Body whole,
 With Pains and Sickneses decay'd.
 4 In all th' Uncertainties of Life,
 'Tis He has sav'd and kept thee still ;
 With Mercies that exceed belief,
 And Comforts He thy Heart doth fill.
 5 Sweet the Refreshments He bestows ;
 Sweet are his Blessings on thy Tongue :
 Thus Life in healthful Vigor flows ;
 And like the Eagle, ever young.
 6 The Lord will Justice execute
 On all that violate his Laws ;
 With cruel Tyrants will dispute,
 And vindicate the righteous Cause.

PSALM CIII.

43

- 7 To *Moses* He reveal'd his Ways,
And *Isra'l* made his Acts to know :
- 8 In Mercy God abounds and Grace ;
To pardon swift, to punish slow.
- 9 Gentle, and short his Punishments,
His Anger cools, and soon expires.
- 10 His Wrath to Pity soon relents,
And less, than what our Guilt, requires.
- 11 High, as from Earth to Heav'n above,
His plenteous Grace to his shall be ;
- 12 As far our Sins he will remove,
As from the *East* the *West* we see.
- 13 Fond as the Father to the Child
In all its Ailings and its Pain ;
- 14 He knows our Frame how weakly pil'd,
How soon resolv'd to Dust again.
- 15 Man, like the hasty flow'ry Grass,
Springs for the glory of a Day,
- 16 Death like the Wind does o'er him pass ,
And takes him unobserv'd away.
- 17 But Mercy still shall crown the Good ;
For God's Eternal in his Love :
His Faithfulness, which always stood,
To late Posterity He'll prove ;
- 18 If mindful of the Cov'nant made,
They learn his Will, and then obey : .
- 19 In Heav'n the Pow'r of God's display'd,
And over all the World his Sway.
- 20 Bless ye the Lord, ye glorious Row
Of Angels that in Pow'r excel,
Who wait around his Throne to know,
And then rejoyce to do his Will.
- 21 Bless ye the Lord with tuneful Voice,
His Hosts and Ministers of Fate ;
His glorious Service is your Choice,
Who on his holy Pleasure wait.

22 Let

- 22 Let all his Works proclaim his Praise,
 For he preserves in Peace the Whole,
 Whose Pow'r at first the Frame did raise :
 Bless thy good Lord my chearful Soul.

P S A L M CIV.

- T**G God, my Soul, a thankful Tribute bring,
 To God, the Glorious and Eternal King :
 Adorn'd with Power and irresist'd Might,
 2 Inthron'd in Glory and array'd with Light.
 His Chamber is the Earth and liquid Sea,
 The starry Heav'ns Expan's his Canopy.
 3 He does the Chariots of the Clouds ascend,
 And travels on the downy Wings of Wind.
 4 His Angels are his Airy Messengers,
 As Spirits pure, and fierce as flaming Fires.
 5 The Earth with Air and Heav'n around he cast,
 And on its Center fixt it ever fast.
 6 The Waters brooded on its slimy Face,
 The Mountains sunk beneath their close Embrace ;
 7 His Thunders heard, they swift Obedience show,
 Then taught by him their Offices to know,
 The Hills to rise, and purling Streams to flow. }
 8 This beauteous Harmony they strictly keep,
 The Waters through the rocky Crannies creep.
 10 Apace from thence the chrystal Drop distils,
 Becomes a Current and descends in Rills,
 That travel onward with dissembled haste ;
 While round the Hills their crooked Arms they cast,
 The fruitful Valleys of their Bounty taste. }
 11 There the parcht Beast the heat of Thirst allays ; }
 12 And there the Trees their leafy Branches raise
 For Birds to build, and sing their Maker's Praise. }
 9 When they within the hollow Ocean roar,
 He curbs their Rage, and marks their Sandy-shore }
 To check the Waves, and stop the Passage o'er. }
 13 The Hills and higher Grounds from Heaven have
 The fruitful Rains that make the Earth conceive.
 14 The common Parent which adorns her Face
 With Herbs for Man, and for the Cattel Grass.

But

- But in her Breast a nobler Stock is born,
 15 The first support of Life, the foodful Corn ;
 To chear the Heart of Man the flagrant Wine,
 And lucid Oyl that makes his Face to shine.
 16 From Heav'n the Trees their fruitful Sap receive,
 The Cedars by continu'd Blessings live,
 17 Their Boughs to Birds a peaceful Refuge give.
 The Pines their hospitable Branches yield
 For grateful Storks their pious Nests to build.
 18 To Tops of craggy Cliffs the Goats retreat,
 And Conies safely burrow at the feet.
 19 The heavenly Lights their chearful Courses run,
 The changing Moon, and ever shining Sun ;
 Around the Skies to spread the Morning Grey,
 And paint the Colours of declining Day.
 20 When o'er the Earth the vail of Night is spread,
 The rav'nous Beasts forsake their gloomy Bed.
 21 The Lions at the Gripes of Hunger roar,
 And fiercely range for Prey the Forests o'er :
 22 But when with Light the Sun adorns the Plains,
 In droves they hurry to their secret Dens.
 23 Then nobler Man begins his useful Toil,
 Till Ev'n to manure and improve the Soil.
 24 How sweetly, Lord, thy great Designs agree ?
 Harmonious Wisdom ev'ry where we see :
 For ev'ry where the Earth is full of Thee.
 25 No less thy Glories in the watry Deep,
 Where finny Fishes swim, or slimy creep :
 The greater Monsters, and the little are
 Thy Works of Wonder, and alike thy Care.
 26 Ships o'er its watry Bosom cut their way,
 While underneath the scaly Monsters play.
 27 On Thee alone, these Miracles depend,
 And wait the Gifts thy Grace and Goodness send.
 28 Thou spread'st thy Hand, and Plenty streight appears,
 The sweet Increase their drooping Spirits chears.
 29 But if thy Smiles are from the Earth withdrawn,
 Sadness and Death appears on ev'ry Lawn.
 The Creatures at thy Call their Breath resign,
 And what they were to Dust again decline.

30 Thy

But

- 30 Thy Spirit Life bestows, and living Food ;
 The Face of Earth again's adorn'd with good.
 31 Thy Glory, Lord, appears in all thy Ways ;
 Thy Works for ever shall proclaim thy Praise.
 32 At thy bright View the Earth astonisht shook,
 The Hills that feel thine awful Presence smoke.
 33 Lord of my Life and me, thy Praise, so long
 As Life endures, shall claim my daily Song.
 34 Sweet is the Praise of Thee ; my tuneful Voice,
 And ravisht Soul shall in thy Name rejoyce.
 35 Save from the Weight of Sin the groaning Earth ;
 For Nature mourns the Sinners hapless Birth.
 To God, my Soul, a thankful Tribute bring :
 Ye People everlasting Praises sing.

P S A L M CXIII.

- 1 **H**allelujah ; ye Righteous Praise,
 Praise to the Lord, your Sovereign, raise ;
 Praise and extol his Glorious Name :
 2 His Glorious Name, which shall ingage,
 From Infant-time to ev'ry Age,
 Our grateful Tongues to sing its Fame.
 3 The blushing *East*, the Sun's Uprise,
 The *West*, where he forsakes our Skies,
 Shall Praise and Celebrate his Might.
 4 The Pride of Nations shall submit,
 Their boasted Glories at his Feet ;
 For Heav'n is vailed at his sight.
 5 Then what presumptuous Wretch will dare,
 With God in Glory to compare,
 Who sits, and rules the World, above.
 6 If e'er on Earth or Heav'n he smiles,
 He humbly then his Glory vails
 And all's th' Effect of Grace and Love.
 7 Equal to him is all our Race ;
 He gives the lowest Poor a Place
 8 With nobler Blood before the King :
 9 He fills the barren Womb with Joys,
 And crowds her House with prattling Boys :
 Eternal Hallelujahs sing.

PSALM CXIV.

- 1 **W**hen from *Egypt* *Isra'l* journey'd,
From a barb'rous Nation parting,
3 Then th' affrighted Sea returned,
Jordan at the Wonder starting:
2 *Judah* was God's holy Station,
Israel was his darling Nation.
4 Leaped then like Rams the Mountains,
Skip't the Hills like Lambs a playing:
5 Why, O Sea, didst seek thy Fountains?
Jordan why thy fear betraying?
6 Why like Rams, ye Mountains leaping?
Why like Lambs ye Hillocks skipping?
6 Tremble Earth before thy Sov'reign,
Jacob's God who worketh Wonders,
3 Pools of Water there discov'ring,
Where the pointed Rocks he sunders:
From the Flint new Waters bringing,
In delightful Fountains springing.

PSALM CXVII.

- 1 **L**et all the Nations of the Earth
To God their chearful Voices raise;
Let ev'ry Land with pious Mirth,
The Lord adore in Psalms of Praise.
2 For ev'ry Day his Grace proclaims,
His Mercies numberless appear;
His Truth inviolate remains:
O Praise this Glorious Lord with Fear.

II. METRE.

- 1 **L**et all the Nations of the Earth
To God their Voices raise;
Let ev'ry Land the Lord with Mirth
Adore in Psalms of Praise.
2 For ev'ry Day his Grace proclaims,
His Mercies still appear,
His Truth inviolate remains:
O Praise the Lord with Fear.

P S A L M CXVIII.

- 1 **P**Raise ye the Lord for Favours past,
Because his Mercies ever last.
- 2 Let all his Priests and People say,
3 His Mercies last from Day to Day.
- 4 Let all that on the Lord depend,
His Grace proclaim, that knows no End.
- 5 To God I made my mournful Cry,
He heard my Pray'r and set me free.
- 6 I will not fear vain Mortals Pride,
For God, the Lord, is on my Side :
- 7 God is with us, and we shall see
Our Enemies before us flee.
- 8 Sure is the Trust on God we place,
More than the help of Human Race :
- 9 Sure is the Trust on God ; above
The Prince's Favour and his Love.
- 10 Though many Nations close me round,
Thy Name shall their Designs confound :
- 11 They close me round on ev'ry Side,
Thy pow'rful Name shall check their Pride.
- 12 Num'rous as swarming Bees they were,
Furious as crackling Thorns on Fire ;
But weak as is their short-liv'd Flame,
And I'll destroy them in thy Name.
- 13 Sorely the Foe my Life pursu'd,
But God my great Protector stood ;
- 14 God my Defence, shall be my Song,
Who sav'd and rescu'd me from Wrong.
- 15 Now shall the Voice of Triumph sound,
Where'er the Righteous shall be found :
- 16 Strong is the Arm of God to save,
Strong is his Arm, the Righteous live.
- 17 And I shall live to bless his Name,
And sing the Wonders of his Fame.
- 18 Sorely the Rod he made me feel,
But soon the painful stripes did heal.

PSALM CXVIII, CXIX.

49

- 19 Open the Gates of Righteousness,
And there the Lord I'll entering bless;
20 The Gates that lead into his Court,
To which the Righteous shall resort.
21 Thee will I bless, because my Pray'r
Has reach'd thy favourable Ear:
Thee will I praise with ev'ry Breath,
Who sav'st me from the Jaws of Death.
22 The Stone the Builders had refus'd,
By Thee to crown the Top is us'd.
23 Wondrous to us indeed it seems,
And thy great Hand alone proclaims.
24 This Day he does with Mercies crown,
And we with Joy his Favour own.
25 Thy saving Help continue still,
The Land with Peace and Plenty fill.
26 Blessed be he, that in the Name
Of God with Words of Favour came.
"We, who within his Temple live,
"To all his Servants Blessings give.
27 'Tis God whose Grace with chearful Day,
Enlightens and directs our Way.
Bind, to the horned Altar bind,
The Off'ring of a grateful Mind.
28 Since thou, O God, vouchsaf'st to be,
So good, so very good to me;
For this, I'll praise thy Glorious Name,
For this, exalt and spread thy Fame.
29 Praise ye the Lord for Favours past,
Because his Mercies ever last.

*To Father, Son, and Spirit Praise,
As ever was, and ever is.*

PSALM CXIX.

Part I.

- 3 **A** Round the Pure, who keep thy Ways
Thy Blessings ever are,
3 And who thy Testimonies praise
With Lips and Heart sincere.

E

3 Afraid

- 3 Afraid of ev'ry glimpse of Sin,
From Thee they never swerve,
4 As thou thy Precepts dost injoin
Severely to observe.
5 Ah, that my Feet were always led
Thy Statutes to perform :
6 All thy Commandments when I heed,
No shame my Soul shall harm.
7 As soon as I thy Judgments learn,
My Praise sincere they'll be ;
8 And all thy Statutes my Concern,
Oh, ne'er abandon me.

□ Part II.

- 9 But by thy Word, what Way
Shall Youth be sanctify'd ?
10 Because I heartily obey,
Ne'er let me turn aside.
11 By thy good Word, which in
My Heart is deeply wrought,
12 Blest Lord, I hope to vanquish Sin,
By Thee, thy Statutes taught.
13 Boldly I made my Tongue
Thy Judgments to declare,
14 Brighter Delights to them belong
Than Wealth and worldly Care.
15 By Day, and ev'ry Night
Thy Precepts fill my Thought ;
16 Busy and pleas'd with sweet Delight
By meditating brought.

λ Part III.

- 17 Gracious unto thy Servant be,
So shall I Life and Vigor draw ;
18 Give to my gloomy Eyes to see
The many Wonders of thy Law.
19 Ghastly and wild's the World to me,
And thy Commands my only Friends ;
20 Gasping and panting after thee
My Soul its Sighs to Heaven sends.

PSALM CXIX.

51

- 21 God to the Proud severe Rebukes,
And unto those that wander gives ;
22 Grant me Relief from scornful Looks,
For in thy Fear thy Servant lives.
23 Great Men and mighty, me despis'd,
But I thy Statutes made my Care :
24 Good are thy Testimonies, priz'd,
And now become my Counsellor.

7 Part IV.

- 25 Down to the Earth my Soul doth cleave,
Oh, for thy promis'd Word revive.
26 Didst Thou not when I pray'd restore,
Oh, teach me now thy righteous Lore.
27 Direct and lead me in thy Way'
And I'll thy wondrous Pow'r display.
28 Drooping and low's my Soul for Grief,
Give for thy Promise fake Relief.
29 Drive from my Face the faithless Tongue,
And make thy righteous Laws my Song.
30 Daily thy Truth shall be my Aid,
Thy Judgments I my Rule have made.
31 Directed by thy Sacred Will,
No shame my Soul nor Life shall fill :
32 Delightful in thy Ways I'll move,
When thou inflam'st my Heart with Love.

7 Part V.

- 33 Help me, O Lord, to run thy Race,
And I shall never stray ;
34 Hearty I shall obey,
When taught by thy Celestial Grace.
35 Hold me, and lead me in thy Ways,
Where I delight to go ;
36 Help me from Cares below
To thy Commands my Heart to raise.
37 Hide from my Eyes Earth's empty Shade,
And quicken inward Love,
38 Hasten, confirm, and prove
Thy Promise to thy Servant made.

nds ;

God

- 39 Hence drive away the Threat and Shame;
 For Thou art always Just:
 40 Have I not laid my Trust
 On Thee, who wilt revive Love's Flame?

1 Part VI.

- 41 Unfold thy Stores of Grace,
 And all thy Promises assure;
 42 Upheld, with bolder Face,
 I'll bear Reproach, in Thee secure.
 43 Upon thy Truth I lean,
 Take not thy Word my Plea away;
 44 Unstain'd with Spots of Sin,
 I ever will thy Laws obey.
 45 Without Constraint then shall
 Thy Will my Pleasure be, and Care,
 46 When Kings before them call,
 Thy Laws I boldly then declare.
 47 Wonder and Love surprize,
 When I consider thy Commands:
 48 With raised Heart and Eyes
 I will adore, and lifted Hands.

1 Part VII.

- 49 Establish the good Word
 Thou gav'st thy Servant for his Stay,
 50 Enliven'd by its quickning Ray,
 That Comforts doth afford.
 51 Esteem'd and made the Scorn
 Of haughty Men, I have not fray'd:
 52 Engag'd by all thy Works display'd,
 I've all their Malice born.

- 53 Each Day when I behold
 The bold Offenders sin, amaz'd,
 54 Ev'n in the deepest Grief, I prais'd
 Thy Statutes manifold.
 55 Eternal Lord, thy Law
 My careful Thought is ev'ry Night;
 56 Enjoying thus the best Delight,
 Which thence I sweetly draw.

Part VIII

PSALM CXIX.

53

Part VIII.

- 57 Chief of my Hope, O Lord,
To Thee I vow'd to keep thy Word :
58 Cheerful I follow Thee,
Fulfill thy Vow to me.
59 Choosing the safest Way,
I turn my Feet, and Thee obey.
60 Chearfull and swift I flew
Thy holy Will to do.
61 Charg'd by the cruel Bands,
Yet I forget not thy Commands.
62 Charm'd with thy righteous Ways,
At Midnight I will praise.
63 Chosen, and choosing them
That keep thy Law and fear thy Name.
64 Charg'd is the Earth with Grace,
Oh, teach me, Lord, thy Peace.

Part IX.

- 65 To me thy Goodness thou hast well fulfil'd,
66 Teach me, for I devout Obedience yield.
67 Till then I wander'd, when I felt thine Hand;
68 Together Goodness and thy Grace shall stand.
69 Tricks may be theirs, but Law is my delight;
70 To blotted Rage shall ne'er my Zeal submit.
71 'Tis good to feel, that we might fear thy Pow'r;
72 True are thy Laws above the richest Ore.

Part X.

- 73 Inform'd with Life, and fashion'd by thy Hands,
Enrich my Soul with Knowledge and with Love:
74 Incourag'd by my Zeal to thy Commands,
Thy Saints shall chearful in thy Service prove.
75 I own the Justice of thine angry Face,
And all the Pains thou mak'st me sorely bear :
76 Inflam'd with Transports of thy healing Grace,
Fulfill thy Promise, and relieve my Care.
77 Inspire me with thy Mercy's kindly Views :
Thy Law's my Comfort, and my sweet Repose.
78 Judge them with Shame that crafty Malice use ;
Mine Honour from thy righteous Precepts flows.

- 79 Incline thy Servants and their Hearts to mine,
And all that meditate thy faithful Law;
80 In all thy Statutes let my Conscience joyn,
Shame shall not then confound, nor Terror awe.

☞ *Part XI.*

- 81 Come to the Refuge of my fainting Soul,
I on thy Word will still depend:
82 Comfort, Oh, quickly Comfort send;
With longing Eyes I on thy Promise roul.
83 Crackt though I be like Bottles in the Smoke,
Thy Statutes I will ne'er forget:
84 Can I endure them longer yet?
When shall their Sins at last thy Wrath provoke?
85 Cruel and subtil have they Snares design'd,
Though hateful to thy holy Law.
86 Command, and Thou their Rage shalt awe;
For faithful is thy Word, thy Mercy kind.
87 Crush'd by their Pow'r, I scarce their Rage surviv'd;
Yet I forlook not thy Commands,
88 Cause me to bear the Sacred Bands,
Warm'd by the Rays from thy sweet Love deriv'd.

☞ *Part XII.*

- 89 Lord of this World, and Lord of me,
Thy Word shall like thy Throne, the Heav'ns, endure;
90 Late Time thy Faithfulness shall see,
Wide as the World, and as the Earth secure.
91 Like Servants on thy Will they wait,
Spring at thy Word, or at thy Word decay:
92 Long since I should have met my Fate,
But thy good Law has been my Life and Stay.
93 Life from thy Precepts I enjoy,
So shall they ne'er be absent from my Mind:
94 Let not the Foe my Soul destroy;
Fixt to thy Law, and to thy Will resign'd.
95 Lurk to assault the Wicked do;
But I will fix upon thy Will my Heart:
96 Large is thy Law, and certain too,
Above the Pride of Nature, and of Art.

□ Part XIII.

- 97 My constant Thoughts are in thy Law employ'd;
Oh, how delightful, and how sweet it is!
98 Much have I learn'd, and much obtain'd by this;
And thus my Enemies I have out-vy'd.
99 More than my Teachers does my Knowledge rise,
Thy Testimonies have so well improv'd;
100 Made by thy Precepts which I always lov'd,
Above the Ancient, and the learned Wife.
101 My Feet I have from ev'ry Ill restrain'd;
Thy Word my Guide, and constant Rule to make,
102 My Soul thy Judgments never shall forsake,
Taught by thy Word, and by thy Spirit rein'd,
103 More than the Honey can delight the Taste,
My longing Soul is raviſht with thy Word:
104 Mens wicked treach'rous Ways I have abhor'd;
Their Cunning, by thy Precepts taught ſurpaſt.

□ Part XIV.

- 105 No Darkneſs I fear thy Word is my Guide,
A Lamp to my Feet, a Light to my Way:
106 Nor ere from the Oath I have ſworn will I ſlide;
Thy Laws for to keep, and thy Judgments obey.
107 Name thou but the Word, I ſoon ſhall revive,
Although my Diſtreſs is heavy and fore:
108 Nor reſuſe the poor Preſent I heartily give,
My Praise for paſt Mercies, and Prayers for more.
109 Near Death is my Soul, and born in my Hand;
Yet ne'er ſhall thy Law be baniſht my Mind.
110 Nets tho' they have planted my Soul to've trepan'd,
I ne'er from thy Precepts have err'd or declin'd,
111 Near my Heart, my beſt Joy thy Will have I laid,
And that I eſteem my Portion alone;
112 No Time ſhall diſcover my Paſſion decay'd,
My love to thy Statutes till Life ſhall be flown.

□ Part XV.

- 113 Sincerely, Lord, I love thy Law,
My Mind from Vanities withdraw:
114 Since thou protect'ſt me by thy Hands,

- Thy Word shall ever be my Stay,
 115 Stand off ye Wicked, and away;
 For I will keep the Lord's Commands.
 116 Secure my Life, and lift me up,
 And never shame me in my Hope :
 117 Safe shall I in thy Favour be,
 Thy Statutes ever then I'll keep,
 118 Spurn the Unrighteous to the Deep,
 Whose craft is only Treachery.
 119 Scorn shall the wicked World invade,
 Who shall aside like Dross be laid ;
 And therefore I will love thy Law,
 120 Silent I stand, when I review,
 The Judgments which the Lord will shew,
 And I am struck with Fear and Awe.

Y Part XVI.

- 121 Yield me not to the cruel Foe ;
 For I have Justice made my Care ;
 122 Yea, from the Proud, who heavy bear,
 Thy Mercy in my Safety shew.
 123 Yearning and longing for thy Word,
 With raised Eyes I have implor'd.
 124 Yield me thy Favour and thy Grace,
 Make me thy Statutes Lord to prize ,
 125 Yes, I am thine, Oh, make me Wise
 Thy Testimonies to embrace.
 126 Yet, dost thou, Lord, thy Patience draw ?
 'Tis time to vindicate thy Law.
 127 Young tho' I be, and Youth be vain ;
 Yet above Gold, the finest Gold,
 Thy Just Commands I have extol'd,
 128 Yea, all thy Precepts shall remain,
 A perfect Rule of Truth and Right ;
 The wicked Ways I hate and flight.

D Part XVII.

- 129 Perswaded of their wondrous Might.
 Thy Testimonies I'll obey ;
 130 Producing at the Entrance Light,
 They Wisdom give to those that stray.
 131 Panting

PSALM CXIX.

57

- 131 Panting and Breathing after Thee,
Thy Just Commands I long to see.
- 132 Pardon and heal my sinful Soul,
As on thy darling Fav'rites, smile :
- 133 Permit not Error to controul,
Nor turn me from thy Word to Guile,
- 134 Pull me from Tyrants cruel Claws,
Then will I keep thy righteous Laws.
- 135 Pleasant and chearful let thy Face
Shine like the Sun upon my Soul;
Thy humble Servant teach thy Ways:
- 136 Purling the Tears do swiftly roul.
Down from my Eyes the Rivers flow,
Because thy Laws are slighted so.

3 Part XVIII.

- 137 O Lord, how Just are thy Commands !
How Holy is thy Nature too !
- 138 Of all the Laws thou bid'st us do,
There's none but what undoubted stands.
- 139 Opprest with Grief to see Thee scorn'd,
My heavy Heart within me burn'd.
- 140 Oh, how unblemish'd is thy Word!
For this it is thy Servant's Love;
- 141 Or though I may neglected move,
Within, thy Precepts I will hoard.
- 142 Ordain'd for ever to endure,
Thy Law is true, thy Nature pure.
- 143 On me fierce Anguish sorely lies,
Yet thy Commands are my Delight,
My Care by Day, and Thought by Night.
- 144 Oh, make me in thy Precepts wise.
Then shall I happy still survive,
And in thy righteous Judgments live.

7 Part XIX.

- 145 Kindly, O Lord, regard,
When I sincerely Pray,
Thy Sacred Perfect Word,
Devoutly I'll obey.

146 Keep

58

PSALM CXIX.

146

Keep me from all
Their Gins and Snares,
Regard my Prayers
When Thee I call.

147

Kept by my Pray'rs awake,
Before the Morn appear,
Thy Word I then did make
My Hope, and secret Care.

148

Known all the Night,
The Watch and Hours :
Thy Word devours
My Thoughts till Light.

149.

Kindle within my Breast
Desires toward thy Ways:
And hear me when distrest,
According to thy Grace.

150

Kindled with Pride
They near me draw ;
But from thy Law
They far abide.

151

Kind art thou ever Lord,
And still to help me near ;
True is thy Sacred Word,
And I will never fear.

152

Known are thy Laws
Of old secure,
And shall endure
Till Time withdraws.

7 Part XX.

153

Remember, Lord, my Pains,
And quickly Smile on me :
Thy Law with me remains,
Rescue, and set me free

154

From partial Courts, and lawless Pow'r,
And make me in thy Word secure.

155

Remov'd from wicked Men,
Are Life and Hopes of Peace,
Who from thy Ways refrain,
Revive me in thy Ways,

156

Great

PSALM CXIX.

59

Great are thy tender Mercies, Lord,
Thy Judgments true, and just thy Word.

- 157 Round with my Foes beset,
And num'rous Enemies,
I will not Thee forget,
158 Remembring the loud Cries
The Crimes of stubborn Sinners make,
With Grief I faint, with Fear I quake.
159 Revive my fainting Soul,
For thy dear Mercies sake ;
Thy Laws possess me whole.
160 Right is the Word thou spake :
Thy Pow'r did always make it sure ;
And all thy Judgments shall endure.

ψ Part XXI.

- 161 Should Princes still, as oft they have,
Pursue me to the threatening Grave,
My Heart should still revere ;
162 Shouts cannot more the Soldier warm,
Nor Hopes of Plunder in a Storm,
Than me thy Word does cheer.
163 Shame, may it ever spread the Brow
That wears a lying Tongue below :
Thy Law's admir'd by me.
164 Shall I unheeded Mercy find,
My Praise shall ev'ry Day ascend
Sev'n times, at least, to Thee.
165 Shaded and guarded by thy Hand,
Nothing shall ever those offend,
That in thy Law delight.
166 Sure I have waited for thy Grace,
And walk'd sincerely in thy Ways,
With Heart and Soul upright.
167 Shine on my Soul, that thy Commands
With hearty Love admiring stands,
And has with Joy perform'd ;

168 Shew

60 P S A L M CXIX, CXX.

168 Shew me thy Way, and I will go,
Thy Precepts and thy Will to do,
With zealous Vigor warm'd.

¶ Part XXII.

169 THrust nor my Pray'rs nor me,
When, Lord, I cry to Thee,
But Wisdom for thy Promise give;
170 That when to Thee I cry,
My Tears may gain thine Eye,
And me thy mighty Pow'r relieve.
171 Thanks to thy glorious Name,
Which I will e'er proclaim,
When Thou shalt teach me in thy Way:
172 Thus vers'd in thy Commands,
They'll guide my Tongue and Hands;
Faithful, and Just, and True are they.
173 Thy Hand shall me sustain?
I never will refrain
To own thy Precepts and to do.
174 Thirsty and panting I,
For thy Salvation sigh;
Thy Law's my Task and Pleasure too.
175 That I may praise thy Name,
Support this tottering Frame;
And let thy Judgments guard me round:
176 Though like a Sheep astray,
I've wandr'd from thy Way,
I would in thy Commands be found.

P S A L M CXX.

1 INVolv'd in Misery,
To God I made my Cry,
Who kindly heard my Pray'r;
2 Again I crave thine Aid,
For slanderous Tongues invade,
And fain my Fame would tear.

PSALM CXXI.

61

- 3 What thou deceitful Heart !
What is thy just desert !
Or what enough severe !
- 4 His Wrath shall pierce thy Soul,
Or else as with a Coal
Thy stubborn Conscience fear.
- 5 Unhappy I must mourn,
A banisht long sojourn
In *Kedar* and *Mesech*,
- 6 Implacably they rage,
- 7 And would in Wars engage
Whene'er of Peace I speak.

PSALM CXXI.

- 1 **M**Ine Eyes to the Hills
Of Succour I'll cast ;
The Hills where the Lord,
Was us'd to appear ;
- 2 My Hope and my Refuge
On him I have plac't :
The Earth He created.
And Heaven did rear.
- 3 His Power thy Feet
Shall rescue from harm ;
No Slumbers divert
Nor lessen his Care,
- 4 Who *Isra'l* defendeth
And guards with his Arm,
No Sleep, nor no Slumbers
Shall lessen his Care.
- 5 The Lord's thy Defence,
Thy Strength and thy Shield ;
And thee to protect
Is at thy Right-hand :
- 6 The Sun, nor its Day no
Disasters shall yield,
And the Moon with its Beams
Shall never offend.

The

62 P S A L M CXXII, CXXIII.

- 7 The Lord shall preserve
 Thy Body from Ill,
 Thy Soul from the Snares
 That lie to betray.
 8 Thy Walk, and Returning,
 His Care shall be still,
 Who guards thee for ever,
 And every Day.

P S A L M CXXII.

- 1 **H**OW pleas'd, how blest was I!
 To hear the People cry,
 Come, let us go before the Lord;
 2 Yes, we will gladly to
 The holy City go,
 And there our Vows and Praise record
 3 To thee, *Jerusalem*,
 That dost so glorious seem,
 With Walls and Bulwarks girt around,
 4 Where all the Tribes appear
 With Praises and with Pray'r
 Before the Sacred Altar found.
 5 The Bar, and awful Chair
 Of Justice too is there,
 And there the Royal *David's* Seat:
 6 For beauteous *Salem's* Peace,
 Your hearty Pray'rs address,
 And blest is he that loves thy State.
 7 Around thy Walls be Peace,
 And in thy Courts Success:
 8 For all my Friends and Brethrens sake,
 9 And for the blest Abode,
 And Temple of our God,
 Thy Good, my Pray'r I'll ever make.

P S A L M CXXIII.

- 1 **T**O Heav'n I raise my panting Heart,
 And lift my longing Eyes;
 O Thou, who King of Heav'n art,
 Receive my piteous Cries.

PSALM CXXIII, CXXIV.

6:

- 2 As Servants on their Lords depend
For Favours they receive,
Such longings up to Thee we send,
Till Thou thy Grace shalt give.
- 3 Have pity on our deep Distress,
And on our low Estate,
For all the Day we meet Excess
Of Malice and of Hate.
- 4 Slothful and full they mock our Woe
With haughty Pride and Scorn;
Our Souls are sunk exceeding low
With Shame but hardly born.

II. METRE.

- 1 **T**O God I raise my panting Heart,
And lift to Heav'n my longing Eyes;
O Thou, who King of Heaven art,
Receive and hear my piteous Cries.
- 2 As Servants on their Lord depend
For all the Favours they receive,
Such longings up to Thee we send,
Till Thou to us thy Grace shalt give.
- 3 Have pity on our deep Distress,
And on our low despis'd Estate;
For all the Day we meet Excess
Of cruel Malice and of Hate.
- 4 Slothful and full they mock our Woe
With haughty Pride and bitter Scorn;
Our Souls are sunk exceeding low,
Opprest with Shame but hardly born.

PSALM CXXIV.

- 1 **D**id not our God for our Defence engage,
How truly now may grateful *Isra'l* say,
- 2 When Men their Snares against our Quiet lay,
Did not our God for our Defence engage,
- 3 We soon had perish'd in their furious Rage.

4 Proud

- 4 Proud and insulting o'er our feeble State,
 The stormy Waters soon would downward roul,
 5 And sink beneath the rapid Stream our Soul :
 6 Blest be the Lord, that curb'd their cruel Hate,
 And snatch't us from the very Jaws of Fate.
 7 Like Birds that breaking from the Fowler's Snare,
 Panting, and swift they Wing their airy way ;
 Our Souls as joyful and as swift as they.
 8 From Earth to Heav'n his gracious Aid declare,
 Who Earth created, and the Heav'ns did rear.

P S A L M CXXV.

- 3 **W**Ho on the Lord their Trust repose,
 Shall like the Rock of *Zion* be ;
 To such, a sure Defence is He,
 Whose Pow'r protects them from their Foes,
 2 The Hills the City guard,
 But more secure the Lord.
 3 Not ever shall th' Ungodly Sway,
 The Righteous and their Cause oppress ;
 For God their Troubles will redress,
 And timely succour, lest they stray ;
 Lest Fear their Conscience awe,
 Or ill Examples draw.
 4 Those that in Goodness Pleasure take,
 Let Goodness follow with its Crown,
 And all who Thee sincerely own :
 5 But those who thy streight Paths forsake
 Shall to their Ruin stray,
 And Peace with *Israel* stay.

II. M E T R E.

- 1 **W**Ho in the Lord their Trust repose,
 Shall like the Rock of *Zion* be :
 His Pow'r shall save them from the Foes ;
 Their Aid, and sure Defence is He.
 2 The craggy Rocks, and rising Hills,
 From all its Foes the City guard,
 His People thus to save from Ills
 A more secure Defence, the Lord.

* Not

- 3 Not ever shall th' Ungodly sway,
The Righteous, and their Cause oppress;
Lest they by Fear or Custom stray,
God will their Troubles soon redress.
- 4 Those that in Goodness pleasure take,
Let Goodness follow with its Crown,
And Peace, O God, for ever speak
To those who Thee sincerely own.
- 5 But such as wander from thy Way
In Paths perverse, and Counsels vain,
They surely to their Ruin stray;
But Peace with *Isra'l* shall remain.

III. METRE.

- 1 **W**Ho on the Lord their Trust repose,
Shall strong as *Zion* be;
His Pow'r shall save them from their Foes,
A sure Defence is He.
- 2 The craggy Rocks, and rising Hills
From Foes the City guard;
A more secure Defence from Ills,
For ever is the Lord.
- 3 Not ever shall th' ungodly Sway,
The righteous Cause oppress;
Lest they by Fear or Custom stray,
The Lord will soon redress.
- 4 Those that in Goodness Pleasure take,
O Lord, Let Goodness crown;
And Peace to those for ever speak,
Who Thee sincerely own.
- 5 But those that wander from thy Ways,
And follow Counsels vain,
Shall surely to their Ruin stray,
But Peace with thine remain.

PSALM CXXVI.

- 1 **W**Hen God from off this mournful State
Remov'd the Slavish Load,
Our Joy and Wonder were so great,
Like painted Dreams it show'd

F

2 Joys

- 2 Joys sparkled in our chearful Face,
And Praises fill'd our Tongue ;
The World confess'd the wond'rous Grace,
And justify'd our Song.
- 3 Great, as the Wonders God had wrought,
Shall be our joyful Praise :
- 4 Welcome, as Streams in parching Drought,
The Pow'r thine Arm displays.
- 6 Sorrows, like Show'rs, attend the Seed ;
But Rays of Joy the Sheaf :
- 6 Thus he, whose tender Heart shall Bleed,
Shall meet with sure Relief.

P S A L M CXXVII.

- 1 **I**F God his kind Assent forbear,
In vain the spacious House we rear :
In vain the Guards and Watchmen wake,
If God the City should forsake.
- 2 How early Men forgoe their Rest,
With Toyl and pining Care oppress'd !
How late they find their needful Bed !
How dearly earn their sapless Bread !
- But God without this Care to live,
Will Peace to his Beloved give :
No hurrying Bus'ness shall molest,
Nor idle Cares disturb their Rest.
- 3 'Tis God who gives the House an Heir ;
And blest by him the Womb shall bear :
- 4 Children, their Parents Strength shall stand,
As Arrows in the Warriour's Hand.
- 5 Happy, who thus with Youth around,
The sweet Reward of Heav'n, is crown'd ;
Boldly he may advance his Head,
And without fear his Cause shall plead.

II. M E T R E.

- 1 **I**F God his kind Assent forbear,
In vain the House we rear :
If God the City should forsake,
In vain the Watchmen wake.

PSALM CXXVIII.

67

- 1 How early Men forget their Rest,
With Toyl and Care oppress!
How late they find their needful Bed !
How dearly earn their Bread !
- 2 But God will Peace to good Men give,
Without this Care to live ;
No hurrying Bus'ness shall molest,
Nor idle Cares their Rest,
- 3 'Tis God who gives the House an Heir,
And makes the Womb to bear ;
- 4 Like Arrows in the Warriour's Hand,
Shall youthful Children stand.
- 5 Happy, who thus with Youth around,
Heav'n's kind Reward, is crown'd ;
Boldly he may advance his Head,
And with his Foes may plead.

PSALM CXXVIII.

- 1 **B**lest is the Man whose Soul is fill'd
With heav'nly Zeal and Awe ;
His Heart to God does Glory yield,
His Life adorns his Law.
- 2 God's careful Providence shall stand,
And dwell around thy Head ;
On all the Labours of thy Hand,
He'll kindly Blessings shed.
- 3 Thy Wife shall like the fruitful Vine,
Adorn and bless thy House ;
Thy Boys like Plants of Olive twine,
And round thy Table close.
- 4 Thus shall the Man be always blest,
Who loves and fears the Lord ;
- 5 God, from his Zion peaceful Rest
Will plenteously afford.
The Peace and Plenty of the Land,
Thou all thy Life shalt Taste ;
- 6 And see thy Childrens Children stand,
In common Safety Blest.

II. METRE.

- 1 **B**lest is the Man whose Soul is fill'd
 With Heav'nly Zeal, and humble Awe;
 His Heart to God does Glory yield,
 His holy Life adorns his Law.
- 2 God's Sacred Providence shall stand,
 And dwell around thy happy Head;
 On all the Labours of thy Hand,
 His kindly Blessings he will shed.
- 3 Thy Wife shall like the fruitful Vine,
 Adorn with sweet Increase thy House,
 Thy Boys like Olive-plants shall twine,
 And round thy chearful Table close.
- 4 Thus shall the Man be surely blest,
 Who loves, and fears, and serves the Lord,
- 5 God from his *Zion* peaceful Rest,
 Will plenteously to him afford.
- The Peace and Plenty of the Land,
 Thou all thy lengthen'd Life shalt Taste;
- 6 And see thy Childrens Children stand,
 And rise in common Safety blest.

P S A L M CXXIX.

- 1 **E**V'n From my early Infant-state,
Isra'l may truly sigh and say,
 My Enemies with bitter Hate,
 Did fore Afflictions on me lay.
- 2 Ev'n from my early Infant-state,
 Tho' fore Afflictions on me lay,
 I still have yet surviv'd their Hate,
 Preserv'd to this long, live-long Day.
- 3 Deep Furrows in my Back they gor'd,
 Pleas'd the Wounds of the Plow to see;
- 4 But God in Honour of his Word,
 Has cut the Cords, and set us free.
- 5 Confound, and disappoint the Rage,
 The cruel Rage against the Good;
- 6 Vain be it, as the rushy Sedge,
 Which on the Tops of Houses stood.

PSALM CXXX.

69

- In vain it waves its empty Ears,
 Its little Vigor soon is spent,
 The Sun but o'er its Head appears,
 And draws the Sap the Rain had lent.
- 7 Idle it stands, and idly dies,
 Nor ever fills the Reaper's Hand ;
 Nor ever in the Bosom lies,
 Norever knows the Binder's Band.
- 8 Men as they pass, without Regard,
 Behold its seedless Straw with Scorn;
 Nor o'er its Chaff is ever heard,
 " God give his Blessing to the Corn.

PSALM CXXX.

- T**O Heav'n, tho' Floods of Guilt surround,
 I send my humble Pray'r :
- 2 O take away the cruel Bound,
 And lend thy gracious Ear.
- 3 For who thy Justice may withstand,,
 If Thou severe dost prove ?
- 4 Thy Grace alone can stay thy Hand,
 Thy Grace shall gain our Love.
- 5 My Soul does for the Lord prepare,
 And on his Promise stay ;
- 6 Earnest, as all their Longings are,
 Who wait the coming Day .
- 7 Let all his *Israel* then depend,
 Upon his plenteous Grace ;
- 8 For all the Penitent shall find
 His Favour and his Face.

II. METRE.

- 1 **T**O Heav'n, tho' Floods of Guilt surround,
 I will direct my earnest Pray'r ;
- 2 Oh, take away the cruel Bound,
 And kindly lend thy gracious Ear.
- 3 For who thy Justice may withstand,
 If Thou with us Severe should'st prove ?
- 4 Thy Grace alone can stay thy Hand,
 Thy Grace shall gain our Heart and Love.

F 3

5 My

P S A L M CXXXI.

- 5 My Soul does for the Lord prepare,
And on his faithful Promise stay ;
6 Earnest as all their Longings are,
Who watch, and wait the Coming-Day.
7 Let all his *Isra'l* then depend
Upon his Kind and Plenteous Grace.
8 For all the Penitent shall find
His Mercy and his smiling Face.

P S A L M CXXXI.

- 1 **T**Hou know'st, O Lord, my humble Heart,
My Soul, and secret Thought :
I never envy Great Mens part,
Nor Honour vainly fought :
2 My Soul, as peaceful as the Child,
Just weaned from the Breast,
With Cares and Hurries undefil'd,
In quiet Ease will rest.
3 Let *Isra'l* place their Hope and Stay,
Upon the Lord alone ;
Let it upon this happy Day,
And evermore be done.

II. M E T R E.

- 1 **T**Hou know'st, O Lord, my humble Heart,
My inward Soul, and secret Thought ;
I never envy great Mens part,
Nor empty Honours vainly fought.
2 My Soul as peaceful as the Child
Just wean'd, and taken from the Breast ;
With Cares and Hurries undefil'd,
In quiet Peace will sweetly Rest.
3 Let *Isra'l* place their Hope and Stay
Upon the Mighty Lord alone ;
Let it upon this happy Day,
And let it evermore be done.

III. M E T R E.

- 1 **O** Lord, that ever present art,
Know'st, and observ'st my humble Heart,
My inward Soul, and secret Thought :
I

PSALM CXXXII.

71

I ne'er aspire above my State,
With envy ne'er pursue the Great,
Nor empty Honours vainly sought.

- 2 My Soul's as peaceful as the Child,
With Cares and Hurries undefil'd,
Just wean'd, and taken from the Breast.
- 3 Upon the Lord, their Hope and Stay,
Let *Isra'l* on this happy Day,
And evermore, securely Rest.

PSALM CXXXII.

- 1 **D**avid, thy humble Servant, Lord,
Remember, and his Care;
- 2 The Vow which of his free accord,
To *Jacob's* God he sware.
- 3 " I never will my House repeat,
" Nor on my Bed repose;
- 4 " Soft Slumbers ne'er my Mind shall meet,
" Nor weary Eye-lids close,
- 5 " E'er I shall dedicate a Place
" To God, the mighty Lord,
" There to uncover his Bright Face.
And Daily Grace afford.
- 6 And see the happy Space is found,
At *Ephrata* it lies,
With fruitful Fields begirt around,
And Trees that dare the Skies.
- 7 His Tabernacle here we'll raise,
And here his Altar set;
We'll come with grateful Hymns of Praise,
And Worship at his Feet.
- 8 Arise, O God, and enter here,
Here make thy gracious Rest:
Arise, and with thy Aid appear,
With Pow'r and Glory blest.
- 9 Let Robes of Holiness around,
Thy Sacred Priests array;
Let all thy Saints with Virtues crown'd,
Thy Name in Songs display.

PSALM CXXXIII.

- 10 For *David*, for thy Servant's sake,
 O do not cloud his Face;
 11 Thou mad'st an Oath, Thou ne'er wilt break,
 His Throne should hold his Race.
 12 " Thy Children to their coming Race,
 " Shall thus secure the Throne,
 " If they observe to keep my Ways,
 " As Thou for thine hast done.
 13 For God has *Zion* chose to be,
 His lasting Rest and Seat;
 14 " My Servants here shall Worship me,
 " And here my Presence meet.
 15 " Her Stores I will with Plenty blefs,
 " And all her Poor suffice;
 16 " Her Priests with Robes of Virtue dress,
 " Her Saints with Joy surprize.
 17 " There shall the Seed of *David* thrive,
 " With Glory round the Throne;
 18 " Shame to his Enemies I'll give,
 " And Honour to his Crown.

P S A L M CXXXIII.

- 1 O H, how delightful 'tis to see,
 Brethren in perfect Unity!
 2 Like precious Oyntment on the Head,
 And on the Beard of *Aaron* spread;
 Down from his Beard the sweet Perfume,
 To the low hanging Skirts did come.
 3 Or like the Dew which does distill,
 On *Hermon*, or on *Zion's* Hill.
 Sweet was the Oyl on *Aaron's* Head,
 The Hills abound with Dews o'erspread,
 So shall the Lord such Brethren blefs,
 With Love, and Life, and Happinefs.

II. M E T R E.

- 1 O H, how delightful 'tis to see,
 Brethren in Unity!

2 Like

PSALM CXXXIV, CXXXV. 73

- 2 Like precious Oyntment on the Head,
And Beard of *Aaron* shed.
Down from his Beard the sweet Perfume
To the low Skirts did come ;
- 3 Or like the Dew which does distil
Hermon, or *Zion* Hill.

Sweet was the Oyl on *Aaron's* Head,
The Hills abound when fed ;
So shall the Lord such Brethren bless,
With Life and Happinefs.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

- 1 **C**ome raise your Voice with mine,
The Lord to celebrate,
Who ev'ry Day devoutly joyn,
And at his Altar wait.
- 2 There raise your pious Hands
And bless your gracious Lord ;
- 3 God, who the Heav'n and Earth commands,
Shall thence his Aid afford.

P S A L M CXXXV.

- 1 **H**allelujah ! with joyful Praise,
Exalt the Lord's great Name,
Who in his Service pass your Days,
And sing his glorious Fame.
- 2 Who stand before his holy Face,
And in his Courts appear,
- 3 Extoll his Goodness and his Grace,
How great the Pleasures are !
- 4 For *Jacob* was his early Choice,
Isra'l he made his Seat ;
- 5 All other Gods he does despise,
Who above all is Great.
- 6 His Pleasure fill'd the Heav'ns above,
The Earth, and ev'ry Deep ;
- 7 He makes the fleeting Vapours move,
And on the Earth to keep.

The

Like

74 P S A L M CXXXVI.

- The Lightnings to precede the Rain,
And Wind to bluster round :
- 8 In *Egypt* were the Firſtlings ſlain
Of all wherever found.
- 9 Then *Egypt* ſaw his wondrous Pow'r,
Thy King, and all his Train :
- 10 He bid the raging War devour,
And greateſt Kings were ſlain.
- 11 *ſihon* of *Amor*, *Og* the Great,
Of *Baſhan*, mighty King,
With all *Canaan* had equal Fate,
God's Arm did Ruin bring.
- 12 Then did He, what they took, divide,
He parted all the Ground :
- 13 Thy Name, O Lord, ſhall e'er abide,
Through ev'ry Age renown'd.
- 14 The Lord ſhall Judge for his appear,
His Wrath He'll ſoon refrain;
- 15 Silver and Gold the Idols are,
The Works of Mortal Men.
- 16 Their ſpeechleſs Mouths they vainly ſhow,
Their Eyes are void of Sight ;
- 17 Their Ears no Sounds of Voices know,
They have nor Life nor Light.
- 18 Their Makers are but mortal Men,
And how ſhould they be more ?
How vainly are they Worſhipt then !
How uſeleſs is their Pow'r !
- 19 *Iſra'l* and *Aaron* joyn to Praise
20 With *Levi's* Houſe, the Lord ;
21 In *Zion*, ye, who Fear him, raiſe,
His Fame with ſweet accord.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

- 1 O Praise the Lord, both Great and Good,
His promis'd Grace is ever ſure ,
2 To God, the God of Gods, be loud,
His Mercy ever ſhall endure.

Praise

PSALM CXXXVI.

75

- 3 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord of Lords,
His promis'd Grace is ever sure:
- 4 His Miracles surpass our Words:
His Mercy ever shall endure.
- 5 Who by his Wisdom form'd the Sky,
His promis'd Grace is ever sure,
- 6 Who Earth on Water made to lie;
His Mercy ever shall endure.
- 7 Who Heaven adorn'd with various Light,
His promis'd Grace is ever sure:
- 8 To rule the Day, the Sun so Bright;
His Mercy ever shall endure.
- 9 The Night, the Moon and Stars adorn;
His promis'd Grace is ever sure:
- 10 Who *Egypt* smote in their First-born;
His Mercy ever shall endure.
- 11 *Israel* from Slav'ry did redeem,
His promis'd Grace is ever sure:
- 12 With Might and Pow'r he rescu'd them;
His Mercy ever shall endure.
- 13 The *Red Sea's* Waves asunder cast,
His promis'd Grace is ever sure:
- 14 Thro' which th' *Isra'ites* safely past,
His Mercy ever shall endure.
- 15 They *Pharaoh* and his Host o'erspread,
His promis'd Grace is ever sure:
- 16 Through barren Wilds his People led,
His Mercy ever shall endure.
- 17 Did Kings of great Renown subdue,
His promis'd Grace is ever sure:
- 18 To him that mighty Monarchs slew,
His Mercy ever doth endure.
- 19 *Sihon*, the haughty *Amorites* Pride,
His promis'd Grace is ever sure:
- 20 *Og*, that in *Bashan* did preside,
His Mercy ever doth endure.
- 21 The Land they conquer'd made their own,
His promis'd Grace is ever sure;
- 22 *Isra'l* his Servant, made his own,
His Mercy ever shall endure.

He

- 23 He made us when but low to rise,
His promis'd Grace is ever sure :
24 And rescu'd from our Enemies ;
His Mercy ever shall endure.
25 He Food for living things provides,
His promis'd Grace is ever sure :
26 Praise him that in the Heav'ns abides,
His Mercy ever shall endure.

P S A L M CXXXVII.

- 1 **B**Y *Babylon*, the purling Stream,
That seem'd to mourn our Cares,
As we deplor'd *Jerusalem*,
Receiv'd our falling Tears.
2 Around its Banks the Willows grew,
And there our Harps we hung ;
Our Voice dissolv'd in pearly Dew,
Our Instruments unstrung.
3 There the insulting cruel Foe,
Around us crowd in Throngs,
Bid us forget, and mock our Woe,
And sing our *Zion's* Songs.
4 How should we in a Foreign Land,
Such Songs triumphant sing ?
And where we feel the heavy Band,
Dissembled Off'rings bring ?
5 No, Lovely *Salem*, if I e'er
Thy Beauteous Courts forget,
6 Or other Earthly Joys prefer,
Before thy mournful State ;
Then let the Sinews of my Arm,
Their Strength and Office loose ;
My Tongue b' unable to perform
It's sweet and nobler Use.
7 When God on us shall turn his Face,
Let *Edom* Vengeance find ;
Edom, that cry'd aloud to raise,
And make an utter end.

And

PSALM CXXXVII.

77

- 8 And thou, proud *Babylon* shalt mourn
The Triumphs of that Day ;
Blest be the Man, who in thy Turn,
Shall just Requitals pay.
- 9 Happy, who deaf to Mothers Moans,
Shall force the Cursed Brood,
And dash their Head against the Stones,
Besmear'd with Brains and Blood.

II. M E T R E.

- 1 **B**Y *Babylon*, the purling Stream
That seem'd to sympathize our Cares,
As we deplor'd *Jerusalem*,
Receiv'd and joyn'd our falling Tears.
- 2 Around its Banks the Willows grew,
And there our useless Harps were hung ;
Our Voice dissolv'd in pearly Dew,
Our Instruments were all unstrung.
- 3 There the Insulting Cruel Foe,
Around us crowd in scornful Throngs,
Bid us forget, and mock our Woe ;
And sing to them our *Zion's* Songs.
- 4 How could we in a Foreign Land,
Such Songs triumphant yield to sing ?
And where we feel the heavy Band,
Dissembled Gifts of Praises bring ?
- 5 No, Lovely *Salem*, if I ere
6 Thy Beauteous Palaces forget,
Or other Earthly Joys prefer
Before thy now unhappy State,
Then let the Sinews of my Arm
Their Strength, and Pow'r, and Office lose,
My Tongue b' unable to perform
Its sweet and more delightful Use.
- 7 When God on us shall turn his Face,
Let *Edom* utmost Vengeance find ;
Edom, that cry'd aloud to raise,
And make an utter final End.

And

8 And

- 8 And thou, proud *Babylon* shalt mourn
The fatal Triumphs of that Day;
Blest be the Man, who in thy Turn,
To thee shall just Requitals pay.
- 9 Happy, who deaf to Mothers moans,
Shall force from thee thy Curfed Brood,
And dash their Head against the Stones,
Besmear'd with Brains and putrid Blood.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

- 1 **W**ith hearty Praise I will adore,
Though mighty Kings oppose:
- 2 My Soul delighted with thy Love,
Towards thy Temple bows.
Thy Holy Name, shall be my Praise,
Thy constant Truth and Grace:
Thy wondrous Truth it self displays.
And fills up ev'ry space.
- 3 The very Day my Cries ascend,
A gracious Answer falls;
New Strength my Soul again does find,
When ever Danger calls.
- 4 All Earth's Commanders shall Record
Thy wondrous Faithfulness;
- 5 Yea, they shall learn to fear thy Word,
Thy Glory, and thy Grace.
- 6 Though God above in Heav'n does Rule,
The Humble are his Care;
But the proud, haughty, stubborn Fool,
Shall banisht be a-far.
- 7 Though many Troubles close me round,
Thou wilt my Soul revive;
Thou 'lt meet the threatned Hostile wound
Thy Right-hand shall relieve.
- 8 Thou wilt continue Good and Kind,
And wilt at length restore;
Cast not thy Handy-work behind,
Thy Mercy will endure.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

- 1 **O** Lord, my secret Soul, to Thee,
Is naked, and from cov'ring free;
- 2 Each Motion, thy quick Eye descries,
Whene'er I sit, or when I rise.
My Thoughts, before they're made my own,
To Thee, are all distinctly known.
- 3 My ev'ry Way, and Path is seen,
My Walk abroad, and Rest within.
- 4 The Words my moving Tongue does feign,
To Thee, O Lord, are perfect plain.
- 5 Thy mighty Hand around me spreads,
Before, behind, thy Power leads.
- 6 Oh, wondrous Knowledge! Vast, and Great!
Such large Extent, such lofty Height!
My Soul, with all the Pow'rs I boast,
Are in th' unbounded Prospect lost.
- 7 Where should I think me, to convey?
Or where remove my self away?
- 8 If Heav'n I climb, to hide me there,
Or sink to lowest Hell for fear;
- 9 If on the Morning Pinions bore,
I seek, and find the farthest Shore;
- 10 In ev'ry Place, thy Pow'r I meet,
To hold my Hand, and guide my Feet:
- 11 If Darkness for a Vail I choose,
To Thee, the Night will me disclose:
- 12 The thickest Darkness cannot hide,
Nor can thy glitt'ring Rays abide:
The lightsome Day, or lonely Night,
Are equal to thy piercing Sight.
- 13 My secret Members all are thine,
Wrapt in the Womb, Thou madst 'em mine.
- 14 I will most hearty Praises give;
With Fear, and Wonder 'tis I live.
Thy Works, new Miracles reveal,
My Soul Reflects, and knows it well.

- 15 My All to Thee, disclos'd was seen,
 When secret Life did first begin ;
 When fashion'd by thy Skilful Hand,
 And unperceiv'd in lowest Land.
 16 Thou saw'st the rude imperfect Mass,
 And in thy Book ingross'd it was,
 How ev'ry Part its Form should bear,
 Before the smallest did appear.
 17 How Good, and Kind, O God, to me
 Thy Thoughts ! how many, Lord, they be !
 18 I sooner could the Sands recount :
 Each wakeful Morn my Soul does mount.
 19 The Wicked in thy Wrath shall dye ;
 Ye Men of Blood, away and fly.
 20 They wickedly profane thy Name,
 Assault thy Goodness, and Blaspheme.
 21 Thou know'st I hate thy Enemies,
 I grieve to see their Malice rise ;
 22 I perfectly abhor their Thought,
 They in the List of Foes are brought.
 23 O search my secret Soul within,
 And try my Thoughts, and purge the Sin,
 24 Lest Wickedness should revel there :
 Oh, guide me in thy righteous Fear.

P S A L M CXL.

- 1 **P**reserve me, Lord, from all that's Ill,
 And ev'ry bitter Foe,
 2 Who in their Heart contrive to kill,
 And arm'd for War they go.
 3 Their venom'd Tongues, fierce Poyson dart,
 Like Adders killing far ;
 4 Preserve me, Lord, from all their Art,
 And ev'ry secret Snare.
 The Men of Violence contrive
 My Ruin, and my Fall ;
 5 The secret Foes would me deceive ;
 But march against them all.

Their

PSALM CXLI.

81

- Their Snares, and secret Cords they lay,
 Their Nets are all prepar'd,
 Their wily Gins o'erspread my Way;
 But God my Cries has heard.
- 6 For this, I did my Pray'rs address,
 O Lord, my careful God;
 Have pity on my deep Distress,
 And make my Footing broad.
- 7 O God, my Lord, and saving Strength,
 Who oft hast present been;
 Thou gav'st my Life an envied Length,
 Where greatest Snares were seen.
- 8 Deny the Wicked their Desire,
 Confound their wicked Thought;
 Lest they above all Good aspire,
 Incorrigibly Naught.
- 9 Who causelessly invade my Life,
 Let Mischief crown their Head;
- 10 Let the hot Vengeance, inner Grief,
 Perplex their Soul with Dread.
- 11 Let fawning Hypocrites be curs'd,
 And banisht from the Earth;
 The Man of Malice, let him burst,
 And never relish mirth.
- 12 The Lord th' afflicted will maintain,
 And will assist the Poor:
- 13 The Righteous shall repeat thy Name,
 In endless Songs adore.

PSALM CXLI.

- 1 **O** Lord while I to thee appeal,
 Let Mercy ready stand;
 Do not thy smiling Face conceal,
 Nor hide thine Helping Hand.
- 2 As the Sweet Incense upward flies
 A pleasant grateful smell,
 Or as the Ev'ning Sacrifice
 My Pray'r may please thee well.

- 3 But, O direct my Artless Voice,
And watch my faltring Tongue;
4 Lest I should soon incline to Vice,
Or choose the wicked Throng.
Let not their prosp'rous Wealthy Life
Affect mine Eyes or Heart;
Lest I behold their Joys with Grief,
Or wish to take a Part.
- 5 Let but the Righteous me reprove
A Favour it shall be;
Let him Admonish me in Love,
'Tis pleasant Oyl to me.
My Pray'rs I constantly will make,
When ere oppress'd with wrong;
- 6 When God their King away shall take,
To me they'll willing throng.
- 7 But now we wander here and there,
And opening Graves we see;
Despis'd of all and scorn'd we are,
As useless Chippings be.
- 8 But up to thee I lift my Eyes
O God the mighty Lord;
My hope in thee my Saviour lies,
Thy timely Help afford.
- 9 From Gins and Snares around me laid
Divert my Footing still;
- 10 By their own Nets they'l be betray'd;
And I preserv'd from Ill.

P S A L M. CXLII.

- 1 **T**O God I mourn'd and spoke
In many 'a secret cry,
Forth from my Lips my Sorrows broke,
Thus did I say and Sigh.
- 2 While out my Grief I pour'd,
And all my Troubles mourn'd;
- 3 Grief had my very Heart devour'd:
My Blood and Spirits turn'd.

PSALM CXLIII,

83

But thou behold'st my way,
And see'st their Counsels all,
What Snares before my Feet they lay,
To make me slip or fall.

4 I turn'd me round to see,
If any would declare;
On right and left I turned me,
But none would Speak or Hear.

5 Then up to thee I raise,
And Lord, I cry'd, my Aid,
'Tis thou that dost prolong my Days;
My All in thee is laid.

6 Hear my afflicted cry,
And save from mightier wrong;

7 From Prison bring my Soul that I,
May make thy Name my Song.

The Righteous then shall own,
And flie for Aid to me;

For thou wilt after give the Crown,
And all thy Faith shall see.

PSALM CXLIII.

1 **H**ear me, O Lord, while I complain,
While I my Vows to Heaven send;
Be Faithful, and thy Word maintain,
Receive my Prayer, and be my Friend.

2 O view me not with Eyes severe,
Nor Summons me before thy Throne;
For none, no none on Earth will dare
To stand before thy Face alone.

3 Beset with Foes, and sore distress,
I scarce preserve my hated Breath;
But wandering in the Gloom for rest,
I seem to live a Life of Death.

4 My Spirits sink beneath my Grief,
And scarce perform their needful part;
Gone are the blooming Hopes of Life,
And all the Joys that fill'd my Heart.

G 2

5 Yet

But

- 5 Yet I'll revolve the wondrous Scenes,
 Delightful Prospects of thy Pow'r;
 The Order with the World begins,
 Continu'd to this passing Hour.
- 6 To Thee, to Thee, I stretch my Hands,
 Thy Care, and thy Protection crave;
 Like the parcht Ground oppress'd with Sands,
 My Heart for Thee does pant and heave.
- 7 Already all my Spirits fail
 Oh, quickly, Lord, incline thine Ear;
 Thy favourable Face unvail,
 Before I dye, and disappear.
- 8 Then shall thy Favours glad my Soul,
 When waking I thy Grace review;
 On Thee, my Help alone I roul,
 To me the Path of Safety shew.
- 9 I fly, O Lord, to Thee for Aid,
 In Thee, securely will I rest;
 O save me when my Foes invade,
 In thy Divine Protection blest.
- 10 Lord, Thou art mine, as I am thine;
 Then, Oh, instruct me in thy Will;
 Thy Spirit, and thy Grace Divine,
 In righteoue Paths shall guide me still.
- 11 Oh, for the Glory of thy Name,
 Revive my drooping Soul with Grace;
 And rescue me from Wrong and Shame,
 That all may own thy Righteousness.
- 12 Curse the Implacable and Proud,
 Who causelessly my Life pursue;
 Destroy them, for their Crimes are loud;
 Thus to thy Servant Mercy shew.

Another of the same.

- 1 **O**H hear my supplicating Pray'r,
 And let thy Righteous Truth appear;
 2 Turn thy sharp Eye from us aside,
 For none thy Justice dare abide.
 3 The Enemy my Soul pursues,
 And does my Life and Joys reduce;

PSALM CXLIII.

85.

- 4 Has made me fly the chearful Light,
As bury'd in Eternal Night.
My Spirits flowing Billows meet.
My feeble Heart does hardly beat ;
- 5 But I the former times recall,
The Works of Thine and wonders all.
- 6 To Thee for Help I stretch my Hand,
So longs for Rain the thirsty Land.
- 7 Hear me O Lord before I dye,
And turn to me thy Gracious Eye ;
Then shall my fainting Spirits live
And make me from the Grave revive.
- 8 Early thy kind and tender Love
On me who still rely, improve,
Direct my Feet in safest way ;
For all my Hope on thee I lay.
- 9 Deliver from the Enemy
For unto thee for Help I fly ;
- 10 Instruct me in thy sacred will,
For thou my God continu'st still.
Thy Spirit to direct me give,
And let me with the Righteous live,
- 11 For thy Dear Holy Name revive,
And save me for thy Truth alive :
- 12 But all my Enemies destroy
Who would my righteous Soul annoy ;
For I thy Glorious Service boast,
Tho' Compast by an Hostile Host ;

PSALM CXLIV.

- 1 **B**lest be the Lord, my Strength and Pride,
Who shews me how the War to guide ;
The launcing Weapon how to wield,
And how to manage the broad Shield :
- 2 My Goodness to preserve from ill,
My Fortrefs fierceness to repel ;
My Tow'r my Body to defend,
My Shield my Refuge and my Friend.
- The willing People now comply,
A King by Care divine am I ;

G 3

Lord

Ha

- 3 Lord what is mortal Man to thee ;
That so much Goodness he should see ?
Or what his Son as weak or vain,
Thy Goodness should on him remain ?
- 4 Man as a Vapour flies away ;
Like the fleet shadow is his Day.
- 5 Descend from Heav'n while I invoke,
Touch the high Mountains they shall Smoke ;
Thine Arrows let the Foe annoy,
And thy bright Lightnings them destroy.
- 7 Stretch from above thy vengeful Arm,
And all my rousing Foes disarm :
- 8 Lest Men ungodly should Blaspheme
Or Men profane reproach thy Name.
- 9 New Songs to thee O God I'll Sing,
On Instruments with many 'a String ;
- 10 'Tis God to Kings Salvation gives
And *David* saves from Swords and Gives.
- 11 Let not the Heathen me devour ;
But soon deliver from their Pow'r :
Lest Men ungodly should Blaspheme,
Or Men profane reproach thy Name.
- 12 Our Sons like kindly Plants shall live
In Height and strength and Virtue thrive ;
Our Daughters bright and good and fair,
Pillars that Gracefully appear.
- 13 Our Barns with Fruitful Corn shall swell ;
The Sheep their pastures too shall fill ;
Thousands within their Fold shall yield,
And many Thousands in the Field.
- 14 Our Cheerful Oxen draw the Plow ;
And Calves belong to ev'ry Cow :
No Inroads from the Enemy ;
None hear th' oppress'd or raviht cry :
- 15 Happy the People prosper'd so ;
Within no Breach, without no Foe ;
But more, and much more happier they,
Who make the Lord their God and stay.

PSALM CXLV.

- 1 **M**Y God O Glorious King,
I will extol thy Name :
So long as chearful Day doth Spring,
I will thy praise proclaim.
- 2 Duly as Day revives
My praise renew'd shall be ;
That shall imploy us all our Lives,
And all Eternity.
- 3 The Lord is great in Pow'r,
Great Praise to him is due ;
His Greatness is a mighty Store,
Th' Extent none ever knew.
- 4 Thy mighty Works ingage,
The present Ages praise ;
To hand it to the coming Age:
Thy pow'rful Name to raise ;
- 5 Thy Majesty Divine
Thy Honour and thy Might ;
Thy Works which so distinctly shine,
So wondrous and so bright.
- 6 Let Men thy wonders Sing,
In Acts of Justice known ;
But I will hearty Praises bring
For Favour timely shown.
- 7 Thy Goodness soon shall sound
In grateful Songs of Praise ;
Men heartily shall Echo round
Thy faithful Righteousness.
- 8 The Lord is full of Grace
His Pity overflows ;
His Anger he does soon appease ,
And Mercy great he shows.
- 9 The Lord is Good to all ;
His tender Mercies spread ;
O're all his Works his Blessings fall,
And all their wants they feed.

- 10 For this thy Works shall give
Exalted Praise to Thee;
Thy Saints who special Grace receive,
More hearty rais'd shall be.
- 11 Thy Kingdom and its Praise,
Its Glory, and it's Power,
Thy People's hearty Songs shall raise,
Thy Name they will adore.
- 12 Thy wondrous Acts around,
Shall quickly be Proclaim'd:
Thy Majesty shall loudly found,
Thy Kingdom greatly fam'd.
- 13 For that shall ever last,
Thy Rule extended be,
Till Time and ev'ry Age be past,
To all Eternity.
- 14 The Lord his Hand doth lend
To succour those that fall;
Who under heavy sorrows bend
He'll hear their piteous Call.
- 15 All things direct their Eyes
To Thee for Life and Food;
Thy Hand in Time due Help supplies,
Thy Hand to all is good.
- 16 Thou open'st wide thy Hand,
And Goodness out doth spring;
Grace to their wish thou dost command,
To ev'ry Living Thing.
- 17 In all thy Works and ways,
Thou Lord, art just and good,
18 And all that Pray'rs unfeign'd do raise
Shall be with Grace endu'd.
- 19 The secret wish and Pray'r
Of those that fear his Name,
And ev'ry Cry he'll kindly hear,
And succour them from shame.
- 20 The Lord preserves his own,
The Wicked he'll distress;
- 21 Thy Goodness Lord for ever known,
Let all the People Bless.

PSALM CXLVI, CXLVII. 89

PSALM CXLVI.

- 1 **H**allelujah! My raviſht Soul,
Extol thy Glorious Lord;
- 2 While through my Veins the Blood does roul
I will his praiſe record.
- 3 In vain on Princes you rely,
The Sons of Mortal Men;
- 4 Whoſe Breath ſoon ceaſes, and they die,
And Duſt they are again.
Their Promiſes and their Deſigns,
Are bury'd in their Grave,
- 5 Happy on whom Jehovah Shines;
Who God to help them have.
- 6 Who Heav'n and Earth and Liquid Sea,
And ev'ry Creature made;
Faithful and ever juſt is He,
His Pow'r is ne'er decay'd.
- 7 Who to the hungry Food ſupplies,
And to th' oppreſt relief;
The Priſ'ners from their Dungeons frees,
Th' afflicted from their Grief.
- 8 The Blind he makes new Light to find,
The crooked makes to riſe;
The Lord is to the Righteous kind,
And timely Grace ſupplies.
- 9 He guides them in a Foreign Land,
Orphans and Widows feeds;
The wicked ſha'n't before him ſtand,
Their Path nor crooked Deeds.
- 10 The Throne of God ſhall ever ſtand
(Thou *Zion* art his Care)
Through ev'ry Age, in ev'ry Land:
O Praise the Lord with fear.

PSALM CXLVII.

- 1 **H**allelujah! Ah this becomes
The Righteous Tongues to Sing;
Our Praise o'er all his Goodneſs roams,
Great pleaſure this will bring.

- 2 God will the Walls of *Salem* raise,
The scatter'd People find;
- 3 The broken Heart he'll heal or ease;
Their wounds he'll gently bind.
- 4 He who the Stars distinctly knows,
And Calls 'em by their Name,
- 5 What Spring of mighty Power flows,
Of Knowledge and of Fame!
- 6 The humble, God will kindly raise,
And spurn the wicked down:
- 7 Sing to the Lord New Songs of Praise,
The Strings of Musick tune.
- 8 The Face of Heav'n with Clouds o'erspreads
Sprinkles the Earth with Rain:
The hungry Hills with fatness feeds,
Which Grass return again.
- 9 The Nестed Ravens are his Care,
And Beasts within their Den:
- 10 Useless the strength of Horses are;
To him or swiftest Men.
- 11 Yet he delights to give his Grace,
To those who on him Call;
- 12 O *Salem*, give thy Saviour Praise,
O *Zion*, God extol.
- 13 'Tis he thy Walls has girt with strength,
Thy Gates has safely bar'd;
And to thy Peace has added length;
For he's thy surest Guard.
- 14 He Guards thy Territories round
From every spoiling Foe;
The Fatned Fields with Corn abound,
Thy Plenty out doth flow.
- 15 He speaks the Word, and at his Call
All swift Obedience show:
- 16 The hoary Frosts like Ashes fall,
Like Wool the flaky Snow.
- 17 The Icy Hail comes ratling down;
The Frosts have pinching Cold:
- 18 As soon as warmer Winds are blown,
The Springs their Courses hold.

PSALM CXLVIII.

91

- 19 *Jacob* he made his Word to know,
And *Isra'l* taught his Laws ;
23 No other Land distinguisht so:
O give the Lord Applause.

PSALM CXLVIII.

- 1 **H**allelujah ! from Heav'n
The tuneful Praise begin ;
Let Praise to God be giv'n ,
Above the Starry Scene.
2 Ye Angels sing
His joyful Praise,
Your Voices raise,
Ye swift of Wing.
3 Praise him, thou glorious Sun,
The Spring of all thy Light ;
Praise him, thou changing Moon,
And all ye Stars of Night.
4 Ye Heav'ns declare
His glorious Fame,
And Waves that swim
Above the Sphere.
5 Let all his Praises sing,
His Goodness, and his Pow'r :
For at his Call they spring,
And by his Grace endure.
6 That joyns 'em fast,
The Chain is fram'd
Their Bounds are nam'd,
And never past.
7 Thou Earth his Praise proclaim,
Devouring Gulphs and Deeps ;
Ye Fires, and fire-like Flame,
That o'er the Meadow sweeps.
8 Thou ratling Hail,
And flaky Snow,
And Storms that blow,
To do his Will.

preads

th,

- 9 Ye Prodigies of Earth ;
And Hills of lesser size,
Cedars of nobler Birth,
And all ye fruitful Trees,
10 His Praises show,
All things that move,
That fly above,
Or creep below.
- 11 Monarchs, and ye their Praise,
The num'rous Multitude ;
Ye Judges Triumphs raise,
And all of Nobler Blood.
- 12 Of ev'ry Kind,
Of ev'ry Age,
Your Hearts engage,
In Praises joyn'd.
- 13 Let All his Glorious Name
Unite to Celebrate;
Above the Heav'ns his Fame,
His Fame, that's only Great:
- 14 His Peoples Stay,
And Praise is He,
And e'er will be :
Hallelujah.

P S A L M CXLIX.

- 1 **L**et us a-new record
An Anthem to our Glorious Lord ;
Come let us in th' Assembly joyn,
In Hymns Divine.
- 2 Let all his People raise
Their Great Creator's joyful Praise ;
Let all the Sons of Zion sing
Before their King.
- 3 Your Feet his Praise resound,
Whene'er they tread the measur'd Round ;
His Praise the Harp and Timbrel make,
Alone to Speak ;

PSALM CL.

93

- 4 For God delights to bless,
And crowns his People with Success.
The Humble, and the Meek shall shine
With Grace Divine.
- 5 Let all the Saints appear,
With Joys, great as their Glories are :
As on your Bed repos'd you lye,
Your Voices try.
- 6 His Name your Tongue employ,
Who fills your Hearts with peaceful Joy,
As with your two-edg'd Sword you go
Against the Foe.
- 7 With these successful move,
The Heathen Nations to reprove,
The vengeful Wrath of Heav'n to show
Upon the Foe.
- 8 To Kings shall soon be known,
A heavier Weight than of the Crown :
Instead of Gold, the Chains of Steel
Shall Nobles feel.
- 9 And thus fulfill'd shall be,
The Judgments fixt in Heav'n's Decree.
This Honour to the Saints shall fall:
The Lord extol.

PSALM CL.

- 1 **P**raise ye the Lord
Within his Holy-place,
Your thankful Praise record
Where God displays his Grace,
Unvails his beauteous Face,
And will his pow'rful Help afford.
- 2 Sing ye his Fame,
For all his Works of Might ;
Aloud his Praise proclaim,
Whose Glories are so bright,
Whose Pow'r is Infinite,
For Great, and wondrous is his Name.

3 The

4 For

3

The Trumpet sound,
And strike the Psaltery;
Touch the soft Harp around,
And sound the Organ high:
Swift with your Fingers try
The Timbrel, with your Feet the Ground.

5

The Cymbals take,
The sounding Cymbals ring:
6 Let all that Breath, or Speak,
To God loud Praises sing;
Let all their Thanks to bring,
The Voice that Nature gave awake.

Gloria Patri, &c.

Common Tune.

GLory to God the Father be
To Son and Spirit in Heav'n,
As was from all Eternity
Be now and ever giv'n.

To the 100 Psalm Tune.

Glory to God the Father be,
To Son, and Holy Ghost, in Heav'n;
As was from all Eternity,
As is, and ever shall be given.

To the 25. or 67 Tune.

Glory to Father be,
To Son and Spirit in Heav'n.
As was from all Eternity,
Be now and ever giv'n.

As the 113 Tune.

Glory be to the Father giv'n;
Glory be to the Son in Heav'n;
Glory be to the Holy Ghost;
As was from all Eternity,
As is and evermore shall be,
When all Account of Time is lost.

Gloria Patri.

25

As the 148 Tune.

To Father and the Son,
And to the Spirit be,
Glory and Worship done.
As from Eternity
Has ever been;
From hence to Time's,
Extreamest Climes,
Shall still be seen.

FINIS.

* * *

IT were to be wished (more than is Expected from inveterate Custom) that the Psalms were Sung continually, or that at least, whoever reads would go on till he finds the Sense compleat, which often happens not to be finish'd in one Line; as in the First Psalm,

Blest is the Man, who from the Path
The Sense is imperfect without adding the next Line,
Of Men ungodly turns aside;

A TABLE of the Tunes.

I.	OF Common Tunes, here are	27
II.	Of the 100, 51, or 125 2d M.	45
III.	Of the 25 or 67, or 70. 4. 25. 119 II, } 134, 145, 142, 145.	6
IV.	Of the 104. 15, 119 XIV. 125.	3
V.	Of the 111, or 120. 120.	1
VI.	Of the 112, or 113, or 127. 1, 46, } 50, 100, 113, 114, 119 XV, XVI, } XVII, XVIII, XX, and 131.	12
VII.	Of the 122. 119 XXII, 122.	2
VIII.	Of the 124. 104, 119 IX, X, XIII, 124.	5
IX.	Of the 125. 125.	1
X.	Of the 126. 119 XX.	1
XI.	Of the 136. 119 XII.	2
XII.	Of the 148. 100, 119 XIX, 148.	3
	New Tunes 67, 82, 119 V, VI, VII, VIII, XXI.	7

A TABLE of the Beginning of the P S A L M S.

A		O	
Advance the Glories	33	O God my righteous	4
Around the pure	119	O gracious God, 2 M.	6
As the poor tired	42	Oh happy Man, 3 M.	1
B		Oh hear my supplicating M2.	143
Bless thy good Lord	103	Oh how delightful	84
Bless be the Lord	144	Oh how delightful	133
Bless is the Man who from	1	O Lord from me	6
Bless is the Man who in, 2 M.	1	O Lord from me	38
Bless is the Man whose	128	O Lord in whom	18
By Babylon the purling	137	O Lord my God	7
C		O Lord my righteous Judge	4
Come let us joyn	95	O Lord my secret Soul	139
Come raise your Voice	134	O Lord our Lord	8
D		O Lord that ever, 3 M.	131
David thy humble Servant	132	O Lord while I	141
Did not our God	124	O my good God	63
E		O praise the Lord	136
Ev'n from my early	129	P	
F		People of every Kind	100
Fixt on a Rock	87	Pity O God	57
From Man no Mercy	56	Praise ye the Lord	150
G		Praise ye the Lord for	118
God in Mercy	67	Preserve me Lord from	140
God is our Refuge	46	R	
H		Rejoyce before the Lord, 4 M.	100
Hallelujah ah, this	147	S	
Hallelujah from Heaven	148	Sing praises to the Lord, 3 M.	100
Hallelujah my ravish'd	146	T	
Hallelujah with joyfull	135	The Lord my Shepherd	23
Hallelujah ye Righteous	113	The Lord the Mighty God	50
Happy is He whom	32	The Lord upon his Throne	93
Hear me, O Lord,	143	Thou knowest, O Lord,	131
Hear, O my God	102	To God a Song of praise	96
How many Lord	3	To God I mourn'd	142
How pleas'd, how blest	122	To God I raise, 2 M.	123
How vainly do the Heathen	2	To God my Soul	104
I		To God ye People	47
I lift my Soul	25	To Heaven I raise	123
If God his kind Assent	127	To Heaven though Floods	130
In every Age	90	W	
In God my Trust	11	When God from off	126
Involv'd in Misery	120	When from Egypt	114
L		Who in the Lord, 2 M.	125
Let all the Nations	117	Who is it with God	15
Let us anew	149	Who on the Lord	125
M		Who shall enjoy, 2 M.	15
Mine Eyes to the Hills	121	With Favour Lord	5
My God O Glorious King	145	With hearty Praise	138
My Soul is fill'd	54	With the Judge	82

LMS.

4
6
1
g Mz. 143
84
133
6
38
18
7
Judge 4
139
8
M. 131
141
63
136
109
57
150
118
om 140
rd, 4M. 100
d, 3 M. 100
rd 23
God 50
rone 93
l, 131
ife 96
142
123
104
47
123
loods 130
126
114
M. 125
15
125
15
5
138
82